



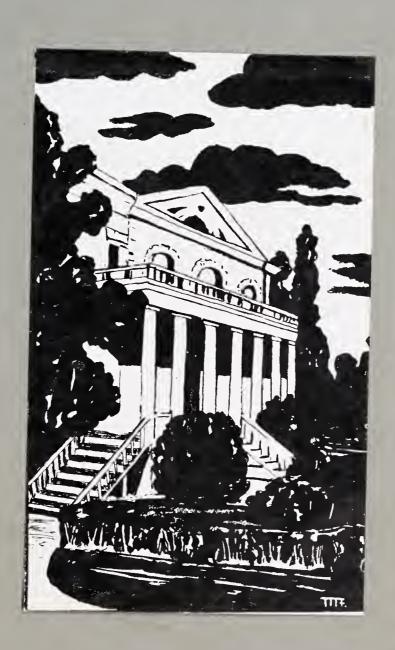






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"Mods and Becks"

and Ulreathed Smiles

L'Allegro.



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Wilhelmina Cozby Byrd

Wife of our beloved President. Chief Adviser of our class, and Sympathetic Friend in all our difficulties, we lovingly dedicate "Nods and Becks" of 1917.





EDITORIAL.

With hope and high ideals was the seed of our annual sown, with earnest effort and kindly criticism watered, with friendly advertisers was the plant nourished until it burst into full bloom. A tender and dearly cherished bloom it is. Therefore, treat it not unkindly, gentle reader, for it is rooted in our hearts.





FACULTY ROLL.

Rev. S. C. Byrd, D. D., President, Professor of Bible and Philosophy. Mrs. S. C. Byrd, Lady Principal, Professor of Bible.

Miss Lucile de Liesseline Johnson, Dean, Professor of French.

Miss Jean H. Witherspoon, M. A., Professor of English. Miss Sarah Currell, M. A., Professor of History.

Miss Julia Price Prosser, M. A., Professor of Mathematics.

Mrs. I mma J. Clifton, B. S., Ph. M., Professor of Natural Sciences.

Miss Mary W. Guy, Professor of Ancient Languages. Miss Ida Patrick, B. A., Professor of Modern Languages.

Miss Mary Ella Armstrong, B. A., Professor of Pedagogy.

Miss L. E. Swygert, Professor of Home Economics.

Dr. R. L. Moore, Lecturer on Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

Mr. Heinrich Hauer Bellamann, D. Mus., Professor of Piano, Organ and Theoretical Subjects.

Miss Lilla May Edmunds, B. Mus., Professor of Piano.

Miss Edith Townsend, Professor of Piano. Miss Minnie Louise Williamson, Professor of Piano.

Miss Lenore Purcell, B. Mus., Professor of Piano.

Mrs. H. H. Bellamann, B. A., B. Mus., Principal of the Department of Voice Culture.

Mr. Robert Emmett Allen, B. A., M. A., Professor of Organ and Voice. Miss Susan A. Webb, Professor of Violin and Harmony,

Director of Orchestra.

Miss Virginia Waddell Stewart, Professor of Drawing and Painting.
Miss Elizabeth Sheffield Allen, Professor of Expression
and Physical Culture.

Miss Francis Sylvan, M. A., Associate Professor of English.

Miss Lucy Monday, Academic Department.

Miss Lena Boozer, Academic Department.

Mrs. E. B. Wallace, Academic Department.

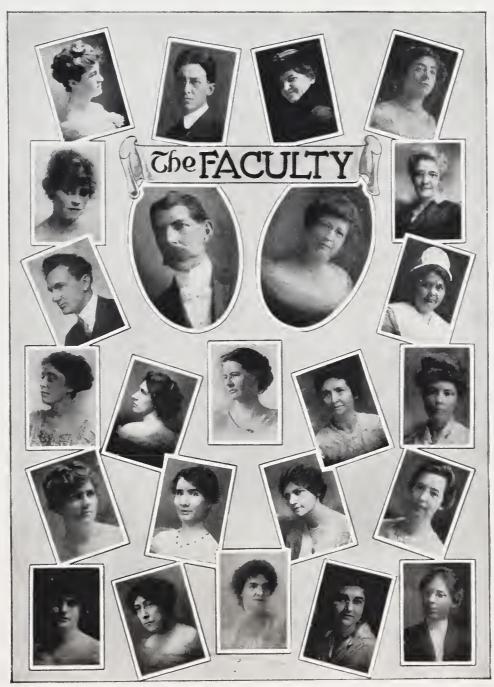
Mrs. Lewis Clarke, Academic Department. Miss M. B. Gordon, Housekeeper.

Dr. E. B. Saunders, Physician.

Miss Anna Blanche Corling, Intendant of Infirmary. Miss Charlotte Brown, Librarian.

Mrs. Mary Youngblood, Practice Superintendent.





FLOAT IN HARVEST JUBILEE





SENIOR ORGANIZATION.

MOTTO:- "To thine own self be true."

Flower: Red Rose.

Colors: Black and Gold.

OFFICERS

President,	Susan Howze
Vice-President,	Sarah Williams
Secretary,	Angie Dantzler
Treasurer,	Mary Brown
Prophet,	Harriette Simpson
Lawyer,	Marian Fripp
Historian,	Alethea Mayes
Poet,	Frances Pender

MEMBERS

Marian Bonnoitt
Clara Bowers
Mary Brown
Claudia Buchanan
Mae Cleveland
Angie Dantzler
Gertrude Davis
Isla Gamble
Marian Fripp
Mildred Gunter
Susan Howze
Vivian Huff
Lexie Huntley
Katherine Johnston

Sarah Kennedy
Margery Luther
Alethea Mayes
Cornelia Oliver
Frances Pender
Mary Ratchford
Hariette Simpson
Rebecca Sligh
Mabel Strickland
Blanche Strickland
Louise Taylor
Katharine von Wenck
Clyde Williams
Sarah Williams





Annie Marion Bonnoitt, A. B., Darlington, S. C.

"Yours is the charm of colm good sense."

Nickname: "Bonnet." Favorite saying: "It's a perfect outrage!"

Our dear "Bonnett" is a joy to us all. Her playful sarcasm would not injure the feelings of the tenderest among us; it only lends variety to her "wats" and "wens". "Sister Marion" is one of the most popular girls in school. She is interested in everything and takes an active part in all but athletics. Although she faithfully promises to play tennis, the set date never arrives. She is dignified, for who would not be if she were chairman of the Student's Co-operative Associotion of a school? Marion fills this difficult office extremely well.

Member of Palladian Literary Society; Vice-President Class 1915-'16; Alumnae Editor Hampton Chronicle, 1915-'16; Member of Program Committee Palladian Society 1915-'16, 1916-'17; House President McClintock 1915-'16; Literary Editor Hampton Chronicle 1916-'17; Chairman of Student's Co-Operative Association, 1916-'17.





Clara Lander Bowers, A. B., Newberry, S. C.

"Woman-she needs no eulogy, she speaks for herself."

Nickname: "Clar-o." Favorite saying: "Where on earth is my trunk key!"

Clara is like, but stay-

What Clara is like, who can say?

She is as changeable as the wind itself, and as each year rolls around, we find her affections transferred to another object. Her aspirations are very high as shown by the fact that she wishes to teach in the mountains. Clara's worst fault is losing her temper, but she so fully atones for it afterwards, that we feel it should not be called a "fault". If there is any fun on hand, you can count on her being in the midst of it, and she is also "right there" when you need some help.

Member of Kratian Literary Society; Class Representative in the class of 1913-'14; Literary Critic Kratian Society 1915-'16; member of Program Committee Kratian Society 1914-'15; President Kratian Society First Term 1916-'17.





Mary Heath Brown, B. S. Chester, S. C.

"A life that all the muses decked, With gifts of grace that might express, All comprehensive tenderness, All subtilizing intellect."

Nickname: "Just Mary." Favorite saying: "Did you ever?"
Mary—yes, the one word expresses her character, full of sincerity and truth. During the two years she has been with us, she has endeared herself to the class and has "filled in" many an important position. Helping Gertrude to look after "Clifton and Annie" has occupied a good part of her time it is true, but not even this duty has interferred with that B. S. degree of hers, and as a teacher (if this be her lot) we predict for her an assured success.

Member Kratian Literary Society; Treasurer Class 1916-'17; Vice-President Kratian Society 1915-'16; Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1915-'16.





Rebekah Claudia Buchanan, A. B. Winnsboro, S. C.

"Sighed and looked unutterable things,"

Nickname: "Claude." Favorite saying: "Im tired of that, now!"

"Claude" is at last a Senior and cannot decide which she enjoys most, showing her class ring to envious Juniors or using her Senior privilege of "tenting" on the Colonade. A kinder hearted girl is not to be found and her patience in dealing with her troublesome sister has won for her the admiration of all. She is also one of these rare personalities who "never troubles trouble till troubles her".

Member of Kratian Literary Society; Member of Executive Committee of Kratian Society 1916-'17.





Mary Isabelle Cleveland, B. Mus. Columbia, S. C. "True as the needle to the pole,

Or as the dial to the sun.'

Nickname: "Mae." Favorite saying: "Do you think so!"

Mae is one of our most conscientious, hard-working girls. She is noted for her unselfishness and for thinking of "the home-folks." Whenever you meet Mae in the halls, it is needless to ask where she is going, for the answer will invariably be "going to practice." In spite of spending most of her "week-ends" out, she has at last won that longed-for B. Mus. degree.





Angie C. Dantzler, B. S., Orangeburg, S. C.

"Learning by study must be won, 'Twas ne'er entailed from sire to son."

Nickname: "Angelina." Favorite saying: "Ain't I getting thin?"

Angie is a quiet girl 'till you know her, but then you find she's full of mischief and altogether a good pal. She is loyal to her class and society, always ready to do her part in any undertaking. She studies hard or we would judge so from the excellent marks she makes; still she has a weakness for going to the "movies."

Member of Kratian Literary Society; Secretary of Class 1916-'17.





Helen Gertrude Davis, A. B., Greenwood, S. C.

"To know her is to love her."

Nickname: "Gertie Dear." Favorite saying: "Well, I declare!"

Gertrude came to us as a Junior, and, in spite of her constant "we didn't do that at Winthrop", she has been one of us from the very first. She is noted for her wonderful memory and her generosity. In her, both of these admirable traits are as expansive as the Pacific ocean. Her favorite pastime is going to the Carolina Library and her favorite flower is "Sweet William." No one can be blue when Gertrude is around, and her pleasant manners and winning smile have made her welcome everywhere.

Member Kratian Literary Society; Chairman Program Committee L. P. A. 1916; Secretary and Treasurer L. P. A. 1917; Member Executive Committee Kratian Society 1915-'16.





Marion Lightwood Fripp, Art, Columbia, S. C.

"Come and trip it as you go, On the light fantastic toe."

Nickname: "Fripp." Favorite saying: "It isn't artistic!"

Her silvery laugh, and her fondness for the corner store, go to prove that Fripp has a large and enthusiastic understanding of "la joi de vivre". She is there with the "high-brow" stuff too—and the art, and the fun. The last however is her fort. You forget it's not a holiday when she is along.

Member Kratian Literary Society; Fine Arts Editor Hampton Chronicle 1916-'17; Art Editor Annual Staff 1916-'17; Class Lawyer 1917:





Isla Louise Gamble, B. S., Nesmith, S. C.

"Here is a maid with flaxen hair, With mein and manner sweet and fair; And underneath this crown or gold And quiet face, all hearts she'll hold."

Nickname: "Isla." Favorite saying: "I don't know."

It has often been said that "the most precious things are tied up in small bundles," which is certainly true in the case of Isla. By her bright sunny face and happy disposition, she has won a place in the hearts of all, and has at last, in spite of Sociology and Senior Ethics, won her B. S. degree.

Member of Kratian Literary Society; Recording Secretary Society 1915-16.





Mildred Lee Gunter, A. B., Bishopville, S. C.

"Where she falls short
Tis nature's fault alone;
Where she succeeds,
The merit's all her own."

Nickname: "Bill." Favorite saying: "Oh, I don't want to!"

"Bill" was handed down to us from C. F. W. in nineteen-sixteen. Looking upon this rare specimen of humanity as her fingers glide over the piano keys, we wonder if she isn't a "musical demon," sure enough. Seriously, Mildred is a girl of many sterling qualities—absolutely sincere, wholly unselfish, and although reserved in manner, has no objections to "handing you a few" as occasion demands. She shows a surprising power of absorbing efficiently the branches she has elected, yet always present is her chief aim—"to raise a pompadour."





Susan Gaston Howze, Expression, Bascomville, S. C.

"There is none like her-none."

Nicknaine: "Suzana." Favorite saying: "Dr. Byrd, I want to make an announcement."

You have heard, no doubt, of the marvelous achievements of our Susan. Well, this is Susan. Just glance below at her pedigree and see for yourself what a wonderful person she really is. To the Gamma Epsilon Gamma she has proved herself invaluable and "Aunt Alíce" appreciated this fact when slie said, "Miss Susan sho do do things jes' lak a sho nuff actor-lady." Brilliant and attractive in every respect, Susan occupies a tender spot in the heart of all and

numbers her friends by her acquaintances.

Member of Palladian Literary Society; Captain Basket Ball Team 1913-14; Sub-Marshall Palladian Society second term 1913-14; Class President 1914-15, 1915-16, 1916-17; Assistant Editor-in-Chief Almacen 1914-15; Corresponding Secretary Palladian Society, second term 1914-15; Treasurer Palladian Society, first term 1914-15; Recording Secretary Palladian Society, first term, 1915-16; President Palladian Society 1916-17; Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1914-15, 1915-16; Literary Editor of Palladian Staff 1915-16; Editor-in-Chief Hampton Chronicle 1916-17; House President Hampton Hall 1915-16; President Gamma Epsilon Gamma 1914-15-16; Recording Secretary of S. C. Press Association in Greenville, 1915.





Vivian Blaggrove Huff, A. B., Laurens, S. C.

"An Open-hearted maiden, pure and true."

Nickname: "Huff." Favorite saying: "There ain't no sich!"

"Well, what about it!!" Yes, that's Vivian. She is tall, fair and full of mirth. Her worst fault is being in love. She has been with us throughout her four years' of college life and as a classmate has been loyal and true. Vivian knows the true meaning of College spirit for as cheer-leader, she has added plenty of "pep" to the college yells. She is one of the three Seniors who have carried Latin throughout their entire college course. Good work for you, Vivian!

Member of Palladían Literary Society; Marshal Palladían Society, second term 1913-'14; Joke Editor Alamacen 1914-'15; Joke Editor Hampton Chronicle 1915-'16; Member Palladían Society Program Committee and Executive Committee 1914-'15; Member of Glee Club 1914-'15, 1915-'16; Local Editor Annual 1916-'17.





Alexia McRae Huntley, B. Mus. Cheraw, S. C.

"What will be, will be; so why worry."

Nickname: "Lexie." Favorite saying: "Oh, I'm going to be late!"

Early and late the cry of "Leggie," may be heard through the halls, for this kind, light-hearted, happy-go-lucky "Leggie" is always in demand. Lexie came to us from Cheraw and entered the Freshman class. After her first nine months however, she decided to leave us for Winthrop, but by Christmas of her Sophomore year the call of old Chicora was so strong that she could stay away no longer. Back at Chicora, she continued her course in voice and became one of the leading members of the Glee Club. Lexie possesses a lovely voice and when she sings never fails to win the applause of those who hear.

Member Palladian Literary Society; member Glee Club.





Katherine Johnston, B. S. Pineville, N. C.

"I'm sure care's an enemy to life"

Nickname: "Kitty." Favorite saying: "What sophisticated nerve!"

A thin, quiet little "Tar-Heel" overburdened with hair, left her home four years ago to join our band of Freshmen. The first two years she bid fair to be industrious, but in her junior year the little blind god found a home with her and he has crowded out "Over Work." We never fear for her though, for she is sure to do enough work to cross the passing line. You may be sure she has proven herself honest or we should never have trusted her with the two money bags she has held this year. Kate's chief characteristics are her absolute independence and her love for sleep.

Member Palladian Literary Society; Member Palladian Society Program Committee 1915-'16, 1916-'17; House President Preston Hall 1916; Business Manager Hampton Chronicle 1916-'17; Business Manager Annual 1916-'17.





Sarah Elizabeth Kennedy, Piano and Voice Ridgeway, S. C.

"I hate nobody; I am in charity with the world."

Nickname: "S." Favorite saying: "I got to go practice!"

Sarah's contagious laughter would make even the "petrified" Seniors relax in Ethics. Gaily she sings her way through life—and listen. She also graduates in piano this year. If the vote were cast for the most indifferent girl in school we feel sure that "S" would be unanimously chosen. Really, she has a splendid disposition and a generous heart; she is very versatile and is a true, loyal friend.

Member Palladian Literary Society; Marshal Palladian Society 1913-'14; Member Class Basket Ball Team 1913-'14, 1914-'15, 1915-16, 1916-'17; Chief Marshal Palladian Society 1914-'15; Treasurer Palladian Society, first term 1914-15; Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1914-'15, 1915-'16, 1916-'17; Corresponding Secretary Y. W. C. A. 1915-'16; Member Glee Club 1914-'15, 1915-'16, 1916-'17; Music Critic Palladian Society 1915-'16; Corresponding Secretary Palladian Society, second term 1916-'17.





Margery Catherine Luther, A. B., B. Mus., Columbia, S. C.

"The cultivation of the mind is a kind of food supplied for the soul of man."

Nickname: "Marg". Favorite saying: "Annual staff will meet after dinner"

Behold Margery! a splendid student, full of class spirit, willing and glad to work for any good cause. What would have happened to this annual if Margery had not been brought to the front as Editor-in-Chief. She has indulged enthusiastically in all sides of college life and in all has shown herself capable. Her ability as a vocal student has been proven by the recital which she gave in April.

Member of Palladían Literary Society: Member of Palladian Executive Commíttee 1915-'16; Treasurer Palladian Society 1915-'16; Fine Arts Editor Hampton Chronicle 1916-'17; Literary Editor Special Class Magazine 1914-'15; Member German Club C. F. W. 1914-'15; Member Dramatic Club C. F. W. 1914-'15; Senior Representative in S. C. A. 1916-'17; Member Glee Club 1915-'16; Vice-President Columbia Club 1916-'17; Editor-in-Chief Annual 1916-'17.





Alethea Cozby Mayes, A. B., Winnsboro, S. C.

"Thy modesty is a cradle for thy merit."

Nickname: "Leetie." Favorite saying: "Why for?"

Alethea is a dainty, delicate girl, full of personal charm. Studious and reserved, she has many lovely thoughts which only her chosen friends, however, hear expressed, so modest is she. As literary editor of "Nods and Becks", she has by her untiring efforts and patient labor, shown us what she can do, though not even work on "the Annual Material" could keep her from her daily game of tennis. "Leetie" is a little thing, but then, the most precious gems are always small.

Member Kratian Literary Society; Officer in Sub-Freshman, Freshman, Sophomore and Junior Classes; Historian of Senior Class 1916-'17; Literary Editor on Annual Staff 1916-'17; Senior Representative Student's Co-operative Association 1916-'17; Chairman Social Committee Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1916-'17; Vice-President Kratian Society Second Term 1916-'17; Member Program Committee Kratian Society 1916-'17.





Cornelia Gertrude Oliver, B. Mus. Greeleyville, S. C.

"Her fingers shame the wory keys They dance so light along."

Nickname: "Neilus." Favorite saying: "I'm obliged to do it!"

Cornelia came to us from Greeleyville, S. C., and if all its exponents be like her, then we too would choose it for our home. Although her first years of college life did require some hard work she found time to make a friend of every one. Not until her Junior year however did we begin to realize fully what she meant to us. Never discouraged, always cheerful, faithful in the discharge of every duty, steadfast in purpose, ever shedding sunshine and love upon those about her.

Member Kratían Literary Society; Juníor representative in Students Cooperative Association 1915-'16.

Music Crític Kratían Society 1915-'16.





Frances Pender, A. B. Columbia, S. C.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Nickname: "Pendy." Favorite saying: "That's so trite!"

"Pendy" is in every sense of the word a "personality"; charming and delightful, with tastes and thoughts purely aesthetic. A mere morsel of humanity is she, with an energetic mind on which a life of travel and study has painted a vivid impressionistic picture.

Member Kratian Literary society: Literary editor Class Magazine 1914-'15; Exchange editor Hampton Chronicle 1915-'16; Literary editor Hampton Chron-

icle 1916-'17; Class Poet 1916-'17.





Mary Catherine Ratchford, B. S., Carlisle, S. C.

"I've taken my fund where I've found it."

Nickname: "Sister Mary." Favorite saying: "I'm getting fatter every day!"

When there is any fun or noise going on you may depend upon "Sister Mary" being right there "with bells on", so to speak. A glance at her sunny face will make you doubt the fact that "Sister Mary" ever worries—but she does. If worrying had the same ability of earning diplomas that studying has, she would have graduated three, or perhaps four, years ago. She would now be doing what we predict she soon wlll be doing anyway—teaching a school of one in She is kind-hearted and generous, but has a strong will of her own. "When she will, she will, and you can depend on it, but when she won't, she won't, and that's the end on it."

Member Palladian Literary Society; Member of Program Committee Palladian Society 1916-'17.





Harriette Broughton Simpson, B. S. Laurens, S. C.

"For when she will, she will and you can depend on't And when she won't, she won't and there's an end on't."

Nickname: "Pat." Favorite saying: "Well, your ma never did it that way!"

This is Harriette, our most dignified senior, nothing ever ruffles her serene calm, not even Senior Ethics. She is one of our most capable girls and whatever she undertakes will be done well. If "Hattie" likes you she'll tell you so and if she doesn't —she'll let you know.

Member Kratian Literary Society; Literary Editor Chicora Almacen 1914-'15; Editor-in-Chief Hampton Chronicle 1915; Class Prophet 1917.





Mary Rebecca Sligh, A. B., Newberry, S. C.

"Not too serious, not too gay, but altogether a jolly good fellow."

Nickname: "Beckie." Favorite saying: "Well, that's one way of doing it!"

Rebecca came to us in her Junior year and has proved a valuable addition to our class, When you hear the words, "Well, that's one way of doing it" you may know that Rebecca is near. The depth of Rebecca's character is known to all her class mates and we all admire her jolly good humor. Rebecca's "A. B." means a thorough training in Latin and a good Latin teacher in the near future.

Member of Kratian Literary Society.





Blanche Edna Strickland, A. B. Winston-Salem, N. C.

"Charming is the word to fit it, Yes, you're charming; I admit it."

Nickname: "Strickie." Favorite saying: "Honestly!"

Blanche came to us in her Senior year and even though she has been with us so short a time, yet she has made many warm friendships among us. She has the rare gift of saying the right thing at the right time, and always looking on the bright side of things, she can see the silver lining even through the darkest cloud.

Member Kratian Literary Society.





Mabel Ursula Strickland, A. B. Winston-Salem, N. C.

"Her health! and would on earth there stood, Some more of such a frame!"

Nickname: "Marybell." Favorite saying: "I'm worried!"

Mabel also came to us only in her Senior year, but already has made a large number of friends among the girls. Absolute truthfulness and sincerity are her most marked characteristics and her word may always be counted upon. Quiet and reserved in manner, it is those who know her best that love her most.

Member Kratian Literary Society.





Elizabeth Louise Taylor, B. S. Renno, S. C.

"She is so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition."

Nickname: "Taylor." Favorite saying: "Girls, Light bell has rung!"

Probably some of the girls who remember Louise mostly as House President will doubt the last part of this quotation but as her roommate for three years, I can competently ascribe these lines to her. She is one whom we go to when suffering from an attack of the blues and get, not only sympathy, but also her excellent remedy for the malady—very sour pickles. She was never known to lose her cheerfulness except when she failed to get a letter from Renno and when Dr. Byrd failed to call on her in Ethics.

Member Palladian Society; Secretary and Treasurer Class 1914-'15; Vice-President Palladian Society last term 1915-'16; Palladian Business Manager of The Hampton Chronicle 1915-'16; Literary Critic Palladian Society first term 1916-'17; House President Preston Hall, first term 1916-'17; President Palladian

Society, last term 1916-'17.





Katherine Von Wenck, A. B. Piedmont, S. C.

"Fame usually comes to those who are thinking about something else."

Nickname: "Kat." Favorite saying: "I haven't time to study!"

"Kat" is the youngest girl in the graduating class of '17 and we fear that she will never grow up. A fat little girl with short frock and big pink bows, she entered college. As a star at side center in basket ball she has been on the 'Varsity for the last two years. "Kat" was voted the prettiest girl in school this year. She is jolly, sincere, unselfish and a good comrade on all occasions.

Member Palladian Literary Society; Member Freshman Basketball Team; Captain of Sophomore, Junior and Senior Basketball Teams; Member 'Varsity Team in Junior and Senior years; Athletic Editor on Magazine Staff 1915-'16; Alumnae Editor 1916-'17; Vice-President Athletic Association 1916-'17; Athletic Editor on Annual Staff 1916-'17; Corresponding Secretary Palladian Society 1916-'17.





Clyde Williams, A. B. Allendale, S. C.

"Exceedingly wise, fair-spoken and persuading."

Nickname: "Blondie." Favorite saying: "I think it's darling!"

Clyde joined us only last year as a Junior and "swiftly" endeared herself to the class and college. Never worrying, but "getting there" all the same, is a a unique characteristic of hers. When some of us were stumbling—picking up our "trains" and tottering on, in Junior Philosophy and Ethics, for instance, Clyde was calmly going straight ahead. We foretell a brilliant career as teacher of a school or of ONE.

Member Kratian Literary Society.





Sarah McBee Williams, B. Mus. Greenville, S. C.

"Such notes as warbled to the string Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek."

Nickname: "Chara." Favorite saying: "I must go to the photographer's!"

As we draw near the alphabetical end of our class roll we find this one of whom we know great things and of whom greater things are predicted. We know her music will bring happiness to the hearts of the multitude and we hope the multitude will repay by letting one of its atoms bring happiness to her heart.

Member Kratian Literary Society; Vice-President Class 1913-'14 and 1916-'17; Alumnae Editor of Hampton Chronicle 1914-'15; 1915-'16; Business Manager Hampton Chronicle 1916-'17; Business Manager Annual 1916-'17; Member Glee Club 1915-'16; Member Kratian Society Program Committee 1916-'17; Member I. P. A. Program Committee; President Kratian Society, last term 1916-'17; Member Social Committee Y. W. C. A. 1915-'16.



Senior Specials



Dora Graham



Elma Richardson



Minnie Williamson



Aline McCormac



Class Poem.

Windows.

Hearts are high cathedrals
Built for worship and for prayer;
People that we love
Are the stained glass windows there.
Some are brightly painted,
Others pale---but fair.
If there were no windows
'Twould be darkness everywhere.

In our heart of hearts,
Though the years have flown,
People we have met,
Worked with, loved and known:
Our teachers and our class mates,
After we have gone
Will in memory
Shine—like light o' dawn.

Class Poet—'17.



Class History

On September 13, 1913, we, a group of timid Freshmen, received our first introduction to college life, and despite this inauspicious beginning, have at last arrived at that desired goal, the Senior class. Four long years have passed since then, years crowded with pleasures, heartaches, failures and achievements, but years in which all things, as we see it nowhave worked together for good.

The first two years the majority of us spent at old Chicora. "situated in the Piedmont section of the Blue Ridge," and many fond memories still linger in our minds of the old front campus with its "limits", of match basket ball with G.

W. C., of trips to Paris Mountain, and of "the Furman boys".

But we do not remember only the pleasures, There was plenty of hard, serious work to occupy our time and our thoughts. It was during these years that we met Miss Frances Charles so often in the Chemistry room, that we wrote those original Sophomore stories of ours, and that we, Isla and Angie in particular, memorized the kings of Israel and Judah. It was here, too, that "Kat" Wenck became our basket-ball champion, that Sarah Williams learned she could sing, and Mary Ratchford learned to imitate Charlie Chaplin.

At the same time the other members of our class were strolling in the lovely old gardens of C. F. W., plodding wearily through Linn's Essentials, admiring Miss Johnson, and listening to Mildred Gunter's classic (?) piano solos. It was here that Marion Bonnoitt, the efficient president of our Student Governet Association, learned to preside with dignity, and it was here, inspired by the classic beauty of Hampton Hall, that the poets of our class, Frances Pender

and "The Stricklands" developed their native genius.

Ah! a composite class is ours, composed of various elements, having passed through various joys and sorrows, but drawn together at last by the magnetic power of a kindly fate. And, as it takes the different hues to make the rainbow, so it has taken thase different elements to make our class as it is today.

Truly, these last two years have been our best years. We've lost a few of our members, it is true; girls whose places in our hearts can never be filled but we've also had a number of valuable additions to our class. Mary Brown, Rebecca Sligh, Gertrude Davis and Clyde Williams, joined us in the fall of 1915,



and, in this, our last year of college life, Mae Cleveland with her sweet quiet ways, has won a place in all our hearts.

Shall we ever forget these years—how Harriette Simpson drilled us so faithfully in the "Palmer Method," and Margery Luther came to our assistances

so often and so nobly in senior ethics?

Ah! many and varied are the scenes that tise before us—Clara Bower and "Carrie" on the colonade—Miss Suart and Louise Taylor and the candle climbing to third floor Preston to put down some disturbance among "The Young Ladies" there—Susan Howze with her string of Freshman admirers—and "Lexie" Huntley's Y. W. C. A. solos. Again in our memories we hear the loud friendly knocking of "Aunt Alice" on the door at rising time, (to the delight of Kate Johnson in particular), and the faint sound of a piano in "the wee sma hours," reminding us of Cornelia Oliver's six o'clock practice period. Shall we ever forget the day that Claudia Buchanan chaperoned "WillieLou" to the moving pictures, or the big Memminger game with Vivian and Sarah leading the Cheers?

But these years are past now and we look back upon them with pleasure mingled with pain. Pain because they are over—joy because they have been. And as we step forth into our new life, the life for which these years have been the preparation and the inspiration, may we do so with the courage and hope which leads to that ultimate success which each of us so much desires, with a superb dependence and loyalty to conviction, so that in the coming years,

"Each for the joy of serving, And each in her separate star, May paint the thing as she sees it For the God of things as they are."

-Alethea Mayes, Historian.



Class Prophecy

Today is the tenth anniversary of the class '17 of Chicora College for Women. It is hard to realize that only ten short years have passed since that day when those twenty-eight girls marched out of the little auditorium to begin their battle with life.

Till two weeks ago I had lost trace of most of them and it is chiefly by accident that I have since received knowledge of their whereabouts. The first was brought to my knowledge by a copy of "The State" from South Carolina, which I have continued to subscribe to. I was reading the news of the last election and saw where Miss Vivian Huff had been elected senator from South Carolina. There was much praise of her success as a lawyer and of the public's interest in this promising young woman.

I determined, if possible, to find what had become of the other members of that little band, so wrote to Margery Luther, who is one of the few I have not lost trace of. She is now president of a select school for young ladies, which is nothing less than our dear Alma Mater. She was able to give me

much information, and some of it came from close at hand.

"Among our distinguished faculty," she wrote, "you may find Rebecca Sligh, as professor of Latin and Lexie Huntley, as head of the voice department. Clyde Williams is running the primary school, which we still have connected with the college, and is considered a most successful primary teacher."

"Also", the letter ran on, "I can give younews of a number of our other class-mates. I see Mae Cleveland quite often. She has been a book agent for a number of years and is at present making quite a success in selling a book on

'Human Behavior',

"Last summer, while visiting in the lower part of the State, I went to a campaign meeting one day and who should I see there but Gertrude Davis. She proudly pointed out to me her husband, who was chairman of the campaign. Though talking with her only a few minutes. I gained a great deal of information.

"Mary Brown, she said, is a minister's wife, living in a little New England town. She told much of Claudia's noble work among the European soldiers and of her having returned home and entered Johns Hopkins, where she soon hopes to obtain an M. D. degree. She said Isla Gamble had married a widower with five children, and was living not far from her. Of many others she had

vague reports, but nothing definite.'

A few days after receiving this letter I was attending a meeting of the Associated Charities of New York and found two familiar names among those of the speakers, Louise Taylor and Clara Bowers. They gave interesting accounts of their work in the slums. I took them home with me and that night we attended the opening of a new play, in which Susan Howze is starring. She is being hailed as the "Divíne Susan".

I hoped to gain information concerning others of our class from these two, but they had been away from the old state for so many years and were so

busy with their work, they could tell me nothing of interest.

During the remainder of the week I was unable to find out anything fur-



ther concerning my class mates of '17, and I feared the anniversary would arrive before I had located all of them. I searched diligently the newspapers, hoping to learn something further. I had almost given up hope when I chanced to find gratifying news in the advertising section of "The State". Half a page was devoted to the advertisement of "Fine Pecans, grown on the Pecanaway Place,—Miss Dantzler, Sole Owner and grower."

In the same issue I was reading a description of the governor's reception. The write-up stated that the governor's new bride, who was formerly Miss Alethea Mayes, was one of the most charming hostesses they had had for

a number of years.

The next day while passing one of the theatres I stopped to read the poster and received a great surprise when I recognized two of the names on it. They were those of the Strickland sisters. The posters stated that New York was going mad over the "Chicoree," a new dance, introduced by these famous sisters. I stepped into the theatre and inquired at the office if I might see them I was shown into their room and found them quite as charming as ever. While talking with them I learned that Marion Fripp and her husband were also dancin New York and that they now held the Castle's former place in the heart of the public. They also told me they had recently seen Katharine Menck who is now one of the most popular artist's models of the day, her laughing face and sunny golden hair appearing on many magazine covers.

Two other members of the class with whom I am still in touch are Mary Ratchford and Katharine Johnston. Mary is head of the children's clinic in Carlisle, S. C. Katharine renounced the pleasures of the world and entered a cloister, the second year we were out of school. Mary writes me that Sarah Williams is giving voice lessons in Greenville. She has many pupils from the surrounding towns, but not a man will she number among them, as she is as

bitterly opposed to the opposite sex as ever.

The year after our class finished school, Marian Boinnoit married an army officer, and, by inquiring at Washington, I found that they are now living

at a post in the Philippines.

It is easy enough to keep trace of Sarah Kennedy, whose praise, as first prima-donna of the land, is ever before our eyes. Everyone also knows of Miss Pender, the brilliant journalist, who is now studying the sad conditions in Eu-

rope.

Though many of my friends carried out the plans they made back in those old college walls, not so with one. I received the greatest surprise of all yesterday when a letter came from Bishopville, S. C. I wrote there, hoping to hear something of Mildred Gunter, and this letter has come, telling me, that she has been a missionary to Africa for a number of years, and has recently married out there.

I have seen Cornelia Oliver quite frequently, for she has been here for several months with her husband, who is making a study of infantile paralysis.

l now have knowledge of each number of the little band, of which l think our old Alma Mater should be justly proud.

Harriett Simpson, Class Prophet.



Class Will.

State of South Carolina, County of Richland, Columbia,

Chicora College for Women Amen.

We, the class of 1917 of Chicora College for Women, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, and having reached a ripe old age due to vast and wearing experiences of College life, and being also mindful of the uncertainties of life, do realize that our end is near and inevitable: Therefore, we do hereby make, publish and declare on this the 30th, of May 1917 A.D., this our last Will and Testament, that is to say.

Item L

l, Margery Luther, do hereby will and bequeath to Ehrlene Coker the hump on my nose with the proviso that it be carefully shielded and protected, that is to say: it is to be used exclusively as a breast-work in the combat of eyes with that species of animal life, commonly called "Seminooles."

Item II

l, Mary Ratchford, do hereby give and bequeath to Elizabeth Luscius, the high esteem and abounding love which the Faculty has for me with particular reference to said persons; Miss Julia Prosser and Miss Mary Ella Armstrong.

To Margaret Boyd I do bequeath my "Charlie Chaplin" walk. To Elizabeth Dubose, I do freely give my knack of always teing on time, and am therefore thankful that my days will not be regulated further by class bells.

Item III.

l, Lexie Huntley, with deepest regret, do hereby will to my beloved teacher, Mrs. Bellamann my never failing ability for getting to rehearsals JUST as everyone else is departing.

Item IV.

l, Angie Dantzler, do hereby will and bequeath to Mary White Bailey my optimistic views of life trusting that same will be death to worry and trouble for her. Jointly, to Elizabeth Salley and Jennie Wannamaker, I do bequeath my sister, Emmie, begging that they obtain more work from her than ever I could.

Item V.

I. Susan Howze, do hereby will and bequeath to Marguerite Ruff my unusual swiftness in conversation; to be used only in case she ever in this life wishes to express herself in a hurry'

Item VL

I, Clara Bowers, do hereby will and bequeath to Neila Simpson my re-



markable talent and fame as a Literateur, in hopes that next year said party wil be able to contribute a FEW short stories, poems, and essays to The Hampton Chronicle.

ltem VII.

l, Louise Taylor, realizing the need thereof, do hereby GLADLY will and bequeath my affectionate disposition to be equally divided between "Pete" Dubose and Carrie Sparks.

ltem VIII.

l, Sarah Kennedy, do hereby will and bequeath to my room-mate, Ellen Boykin, my cool mind, calm heart, and indifference, which I hope will help her in dealing with the Carolina boys, knowing that herein lies her interest. To "Dot" Starbuck I bequeath the "minute speck" of love that Miss Johnson reserves for me, hoping that added with her "speck," it will secure for her a more peaceful existence in the coming years than she can NOW boast of. To Mrs. Bellaman, I will my three wrinkles caused by swelling high notes, also the handker-chiefs that have dried many voice-lesson tears.

Lastly; to Dr. Bellamann I give my WHOLE heart—provided Mrs. Bellamann will let him keep it—and my bruised fingers, caused by pounding and break-

ing strings at six a. m.

ltem 1X.

l, Mary Brown, do hereby will and bequeath to Clifton Davis and Anne Hook my semi-weekly promenade down town.

To Elizabeth Allison my writing desk, to be used exclusively for "Legal docu-

ments."

Item X.

l, Frances Pender, do hereby will and bequeath to Dorothy Starbuck, my superfluous amount of information on "Darwin's Theory of Evolution", hoping that it will be most useful to her in the struggle for existence. To Isabelle Workman, I will my privilege of being "Cows-tail." To Caroline Walker, my frequent interviews with Dr. Byrd hoping she will enjoy them, AS I DID.

ltem Xl.

l, Rebecca Sligh, do hereby will and bequeath to Rebecca Darr my nick-name "Beck", provided she treat it with due respect and reverence.

Item XII.

l, Harriet Símpson, do hereby will and bequeath to Carolyn Fleming my height and my senior dignity, hoping that with such, she may make a bigger hit at the Carolina reception next year than she did at the last. To Mary Johnston I give my ever quiet tongue.

Item XIII.

l, Blanche Strickland, do hereby will and bequeath to the ever silent Barbara McInnis my talkativeness, trusting that in the future she will be "heard as well as seen."



Item XIV.

l, Gertrude Davis, do hereby will and bequeath to Anne Hook and Clifton Davis, my power of memorizing minute details. And to Mary White Bailey, l leave my Botanical treatises on "Jacks in the Pulpit", "Bachelor Buttons" and "Sweet Williams."

Item XV.

I, Clyde Williams, do hereby will and bequeath my LONG BLACK CURLY hair to Ellen Douglass Boykin. To Edith Willingham, all the stray splinters in Preston Hall, also my place in the Infirmary, with the sincere wish that she can devise some plan to swallow the dainty nourishment.

Item XVI.

l, Sarah Williams, do hereby will and bequeath to Elizabeth Winn my unfailing, unfaltering, unflinching, love for the masculine sex. See her beloved voice teacher for further reference.

Item XVII.

I, Isla Gamble, do hereby will and bequeath to Isabelle Workman my GAY SPIRIT, trusting that she won't lock it up within herself but will take it out and air it at least once a year. And to Cornelia Cockfield, I readily leave my high place in Senior Bible Class.

Item XVIII.

I, Katherine Johnston, do hereby will and bequeath my conceit to the person who voted me conceited and vain in the "Statistics"; to Elizabeth Allison my genial disposition which never allows me to worry over unlearned lessons. And lastly to Margaret Brown and Mary Johnston, I will my extreme devotion to sleep.

ltem XlX.

I, Alethea Mayes, do hereby will and bequeath to Mary White Bailey and Margaret Brice my rare privilege of putting up the mail; and to Kate Johnston my precious black note book to use in teaching—some of the grades being already made out.

Item XX.

I, Claudia Buchannan, do hereby will and bequeath to Katherine Ball and Lucy Hampton my faculty for worrying, trusting that they will enjoy the NOVEL sensation.

Item XXI.

I, Katherine Wenck, do hereby will and bequeath to Miss Jean Witherspoon MY EXTREMELY legible handwriting and art of spelling correctly, devoutly hoping she may be greatly aided by this legacy.

It might be of interest, concerning the above Item, for the said party to know that "S" Kennedy and Marion Fripp are studying the "Blue Back Speller" and

attending "Lectures on Unpardonable Penmanship."

And to Mary Bruton, knowing her great need, I will my knowledge of Ethics and the calm self-possession I invariably displayed WHENEVER Dr. Byrd called upon me. Finally, to my adored "Pals" Dot Starbuck, Eddie Willingham, Aline McCormack, I bequeath the End Room rats, sincerely hoping that the VARMINTS won't chew up any more shoes.

Item XXII.

I, Mable Strickland, do hereby will and bequeath my deep delight in "Hope Chests" to the unsophisticated Freshmen, trusting that they will appreciate the sentiment contained therein.

Item XXIII.

I, Vivian Huff, do hereby will and bequeath to Paderewski my unusual talent for rendering classical selections and thus thus thrilling my appreciative andiences.

Item XXIV.

I, Cornelia Oliver, do hereby will and bequeath to Dr. Bellamann my "Scotch HARD-HEADEDNESS"; to Barbara McInnis, my studious habits, hoping she will make use of them. To Louise, the maid, I do will my luxuriant switch.

Item XXV.

I, Marion Bonnoit, do hereby will and bequeath to my loving roommates, Edna Earle Spivey and "Baby" McCown, my favorite set of lectures, entitled "How to keep quiet after Light Bell." To "Pete" Dubose who has never been known to lose her head, I bequeath my excitable disposition; and to Maude Wooten, I will my proudest possession, my sarcasm, realizing that she is the only girl who can use it effectively on the Freshman Class.

Item XXVI.

I, Mildred Gunter, do hereby will and bequeath to Mr. Allen, my adored pompadour, knowing how much he admires it. To Miss Johnson, I bequeath, with pleasure, my daily habit of eliminating breakfast, trusting that she won't be fined as frequently as I was. And to Lois Johnson, I leave all my college possessions, including my checked middies and my box of pink powder.

Item XXVII.

I, Mae Cleveland, being in a selfish frame of mind, do reluctantly bequeath to Mary Saunders my musical inclination and superfluous practice periods. To my sister, Harriette, I leave my deepest sympathy, and to Neila Simpson I bequeath my endearing young charms, knowing that they will work wonders.

Item XXVIII.

I, Marian Fripp, do hereby will and bequeath to Edith Graham, my fondness for adopting Miss Stuart's aprons and fruit cake, provided that she will daily remind the said party that the privilege was first mine. To Helen Currell,



I bequeath my happy-go-lucky spirit, believing that she is one person out of a hundred who can keep it alive. And, lasty to Louise Bruton and Elizabeth Waring, we, "Fripp and Pendy", do bequeath our devotion to the corner-store man, his boxes around the store, and all his goods and chattels, provided they won't cut too many classes or drink too many dopes.

Item XXIX.

We, the class of 1917, of Chicora College for Women, do regretfully bequeath to the rising senior class all our Senior privileges, our dignity and wisdom; and we also leave to them our two dearest treasures, namely, our chapel places and the beloved caps and gowns. Lastly, to the faculty, we do freely give a very large portion of our hearts only asking that we be given a wee spot in theirs by way of return.

Item XXX.

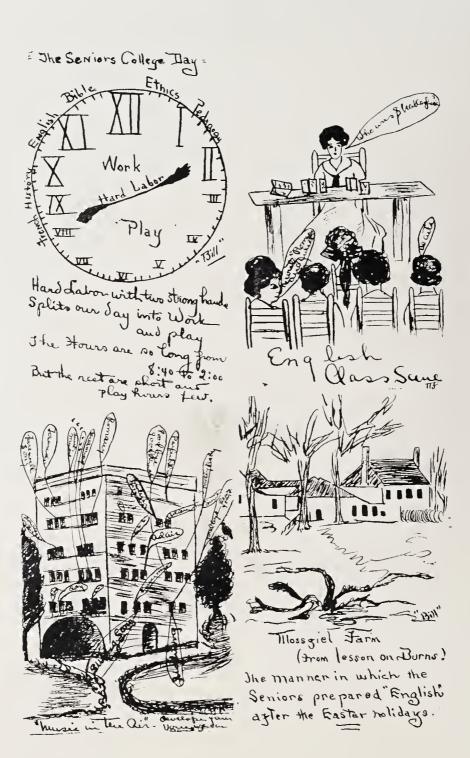
We, the class of 1917, of Chicora College for Women, do hereby nominate, constitute and appoint Edna Earle Spivey, as sole testatrix of this, our last will and testament.

We do hereby declare that we saw the said class declare, publish and sign the foregoing as their last Will and Testament, in our presence, and that we, each one of us, signed same as witnesses, in the presence of the Testatrix and in the presence of each other.

Signed:

L. E. Swygert, Minnie Williamson, Blanche Corling.

Marian Fripp, Class Lawyer.







JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

MOTTO: "Be Square."

Flower: American Beauty Rose. Colors: Garnet and Black.

OFFICERS

Lois Johnson President Irene Smith Vice-President Cornelia Cockfield Secretary and Treasurer Elizabeth Winn Historian Isabelle Workman Poet

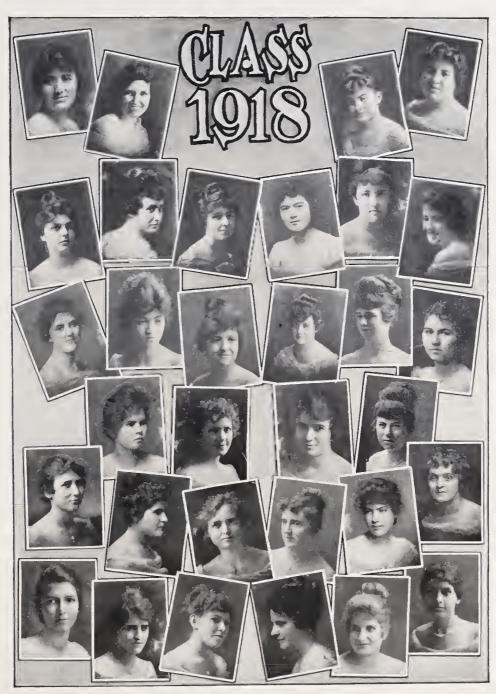
MEMBERS

Eulaine Adams
Elizabeth Allison
Marion Bailey
Cleo Baldwin
Martha Boozer
Margaret Boyd
Emma Brockington
Louise Bruton
Mary Bruton
Harriet Cleveland
Cornelia Cockfield
Ehrline Coker

Bernice Ellison
Emma Bell Frieson
Katie Gramling
Virginia Griffin
Hazel Graham
Annie Hook
Lois Johnson
Antoniette Massey
Wylma McCollough
Pauline McFadden

Kathrine McGee
Esther Meaham
Corine Miller
Neila Simpson
Irene Smith
Edna Earle Spivey
Blanche Stuckey
Roxie Thornton
Isabelle Workman
Edith Willingham
Elizabeth Winn
Mildred Wilson







Junior Class History.

How short a time it seems since that bright September morning, when we as thirty eight frightened Freshmen climbed for the first time the old Chicora hill! Yet, already we are beginning to realize that we are approaching the third mile-post in our journey toward a coilege diploma. This first year was indeed one of great experience to us, the humble Freshmen, ready to heed the advice of everyone. With the exception of a very few, who devoted their attention to the "Furmanites," all passed safely to Sophomoreland. 'Tis quite interesting to note that we were the last Freshman class at old Chicora, since the next Fall we moved to Columbia to consolidate with the College for Women.

After a pleasant vacation, we came again to begin new experiences. It seemed so sad to find many of our old class-mates absent, yet we were indeed glad to welcome other valuable students from the College for Women and other colleges, who chose Chicora for further education. We took a great interest in every phase of college work. Six of our members took a leading part in Basket Ball, three of these belonging to the varsity team. We felt especially honored to have one of our members made president of the Y. W. C. A., since so important an office is seldom held by a Sophomore.

Again in 1916, we are justly proud of the progress our class is making. Many important positions are held by its members: the Manager of the Athletic Association: the star of the Varsity Basket-Ball Team; the president of the Y. M. C. A. and six out of the nine Cabinet Members. This is the second largest class in school, contains the brighest girl, the best student, and the neatest as well, so we feel justfied in predicting the greatest success for our class of '18.

You have probably heard of our one great deficiency, imagination,—but never worry for we shall surely overcome that. Ever keeping in mind our motto, "Be Square," we are working hard and aiming for the great goal, which is only a little distance away.

Elizabeth Winn, Historian.



Junior Reception.

To meet the Deniors

The Junior Class of Chicora College For Pomen request the honor of your presence at a reception

April thirtieth, nineteen hundred and seventeen

Eight-thirty o'clock

College Drawing Rooms



Junior Class Poem.

Class of nineteen eighteen, rise! Lift thy banners to the skies, On, press on to the senior goal, On, with all thy might and soul!

Plodding on through three long years, Overcoming all thy fears, Thou hast ever kept in sight Truth and honesty and right.

Ever to thy motto true— Keep the words "Be square" in view; Ever honor shalt thou hail Never honor's call shalt fail,

Let not others thee surpass Gain the top and hold it fast; Ne'er content to take thy stand Save among the little band,

'Pon life's ladder's topmost round. Hark! what means that joyful sound? 'Tis the students' proud hurrahs—'Tis the teachers' loud applause.

For the class that's played so fair, For the class that's been so square. Such a class shall never fail Hail, proud class of eighteen, hail!

lsabelle Workman, '18.



SOPHOMORE



Sophomore Class Roll.

Motto:—"Ad astra, per aspera"

Flower: Black-eyed Susan. - Colors: Black and Gold.

OFFICERS.

Dorothy Starbuck, President Ellen Boykin, Vice-President Mell Burgess, Secretary and Treasurer.

MEMBERS.

Katherine Ball, Bleeker Beaumguard, Mary Berry, Ellen Boykin, Ethen Buchanan, Mell Burgess, Emma Dantzler, Rebecca Darr, Annie Dickson, Marian Dove, Marie Ebert Pauline Green, Ida Hand, Hazel Harden. Louise Kelly, Rose Weinberg, Gertrude Wilson,

Annie Ladd, Elizabeth Lucius, Eliva McCain, Estaline McCain, Mable McCarley, Anita McCutchen, Corrinne McNeill, Mary Morris, lna Murray, Eugenia Ruff, Jewel Sandel, Francis Shirley, Dorothy Starbuck, Julia Summer, Marion Wassum, Edith Williamson, Sara Wolf.





THE WISEWOMEN OF CHICORA

Motto: Solomon in all his wisdom was not arrayed like one of these. Purpose: "Not to let anyone be wiser than we."

Mascot: Owl.

Place of meeting: In the tree tops (with the other owls).

"Dot" Starbuck	
"E. D." Boykin	Vice-President
"Mell" Burgess	Secretary and Treasurer



RESH





FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL.

Motto: "En nous, m'emes est notre futur"
Flower: Sweet-pea. Colors: Garnet and Grey.

OFFICERS:

Esther Ashe	President
Elizabeth Salley	Vice-President
Jennie Wannamaker	Secretary and Treasurer
Elizabeth Burkhalter	Historian

MEMBERS

Esther Ashe Marie Madden Mary White Bailey Guiley Malone Evelyn Bell Annie Marks Margaret Bruton Lucy Munerlyn Nancy Brice Sabe Miller Margaret Brice Lizzie McElveen Mamie Broadwater Helen McDonald Margaret Bolton Lilly McLaughlin Elizabeth Burckhalter Lucile Nichols Eva Bullock Lillian Rogers Clifton Davis Margaret Ruff Mattie Daniels Elizabeth Salley Aileen Donaldson Jennie Salters Addie May Dabney lva Simpson Leila Ferrel Carrie Sparks Bertha Gallman Mary Speck Sarah Frances Glen Grace Summer Edith Graham Eddie Sweet Jennie Hamrick Bessie Taylor Agnes Henry Josephine Thornton Mable Holder Elizabeth Waring Marjorie Houston Jennie Wannamaker Cecile Huggins lsabelle Wells Mary Johnston Jeane Wilson Lena Lagare Sallie Young

Jennie Wannamaker

PALLADIAN SOCIETY



FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

Chicora College, June 1, 1917.

Dere Editor of the Anule:

Them ole Seniors sed I got to rite a history of ow class, but I didn't no nobody ever rote histris cept Christophy Clumbus an Woodrow Wilson. Anyway I'll try. When I first came here I shore did feel green, but I soon lernt that all the other Freshmen was feeling just as bad as I was. Then when the Sophomores sat on us a few times we felt greenern ever. They shore was a heap of us, bout sixty, an I never seen so many green things to onct befo in my life. We soon got used to things tho, and one day Dr. Byrd sed we had to meat so we met and made Esther Ashe, President, Elizabeth Salley, Vice-president, Jennie Wannamaker, Secretary, and me, historian.

We have to work mighty hard sometimes but we shore do have some big times in this place. During the fare we had a good time with balloons an things, then when Wilson was selected we had nuther good time. After Thanksgiving we couldn't hardly wait for Christmas but when it did come we was some happy crowd. Those two weeks past like 2 days. When we come back we didn't have nothing to look forard to cept zaminations. But most of us past on em an moren that we are going to be Sophomores next year, and if this don't

get in the waist baskit I'll write you again.

Yours truly,

Your little friend,

Elizabeth Burckhalter.





SPECIAL CLASS.

Motto: "Let us live while we live"

Flower: Wistaria. Colors: Lavender

OFFICERS

MEMBERS

Katherine Ashton Mamie Baggett Margaret Brown Esther Bullock Elizabeth DuBose Dora Graham Gertrude Hampton Lucy Hampton Mignon McCown Aline McCormac Manníe Oliver Bertha Rabon Emmala Thomason Caroline Walker Ruth Youngblood Carolyn Fleming Mildred Green Elma Richardson

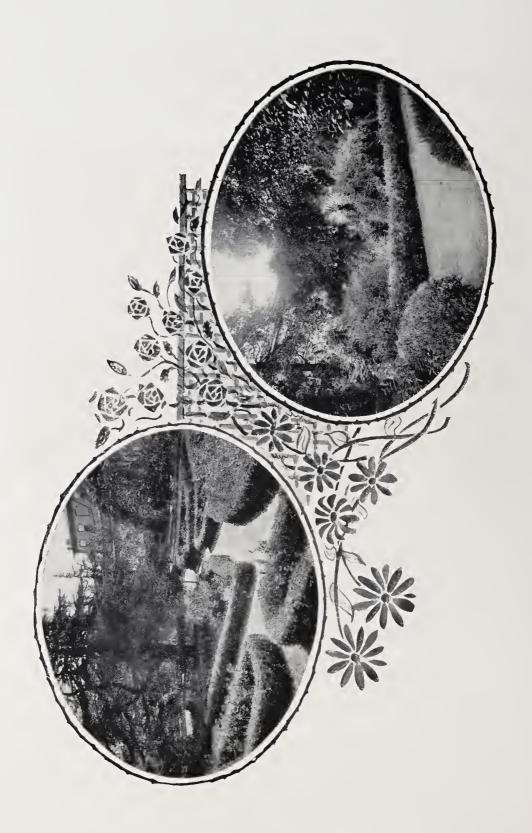


STATISTICS

Katharine von Wenck Prettiest Esther Meacham Neatest Carolyn Fleming Cutest, Most Original Ellen Douglass Boykin Handsomest Esther Ashe Most Attractive Harriette Simpson Most Stylish, Most Dignified Elma Richardson Most Graceful Elizabeth Winn Best Student Most Executive Ability, Best Reader Susan.Howze Mignon McCown Most Affected Midred Gunter Most Independent, Best Musician Mary Speck Most Conceited Marian Bonnoitt Most Sarcastic Frances Pender Biggest Bluffer Gertrude Hampton Best Athlete Marion Fripp Best Artist Dorothy Starbuck Isabelle Workman Most Popular, Best All-Round Brightest







ORGRNIZAGIONS ORGRNIZAGIONS





S. C. A. Central Committee

Chairman
Senior Representative
Junior Representative
Sophomore Representative
Freshman Representative
Special Representative
Faculty Representatives

Marion Bonnoitt Alethea Mayes Edna Earle Spivey Annie Dixon Nancy Brice Elma Richardson Miss Lucille Johnson Miss Virginia Stuart





Y. W. C. A. CABINET.

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Exchange	
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Assistant Business Manager	Elizabeth Allison
Societies	Eulaine Adams
Alumnae	.Katherine von Wenck
Y. W. C. A.	
Locals	Sara Kennedy
Athletics	Mildred Gunter
Fine Arts	
Jokes	





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Y. W. C. A	Mell Burgess
Locals	Lois Johnson
Athletics	Katherine Ashton
Fine Arts	Marion Fripp
lokes	





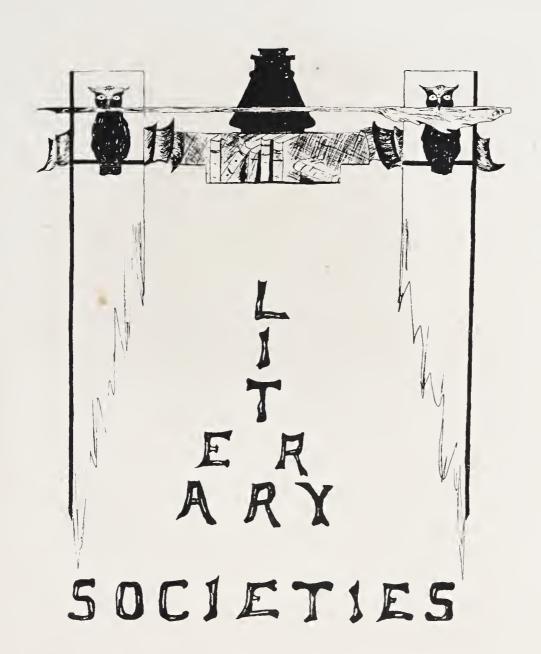
I. P. A.

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Vice-President	Mell Burgess
Secretary and Treasurer Ger	trude Davis
Reporter	inne Miller

MEMBERS

Mary Brown
Clifton Davis
Gertrude Davis
Mell Burgess
Lois Johnson
Corinne Miller
Margaret Boyd
Elizabeth Winn
Annie Hook







Kratian Society Presidents.



Sarah McBee Williams



Clara Bowers



KRATIAN SOCIETY

OFFICERS

	First Term	Second Term
President	Clara Bowers	Sarah Williams
Vice-President	Mary H. Brown	Alethea Mayes
Recording Secretary	lla Gamble	Edna E. Spivey
Treasurer	lrene Smith	Julia Summer
Corresponding Secretary	Esther Meacham	Marian Bailey
Chief Marshal	Julia Summer	Mildred Green
Sub-Marshalls	. Elma Richardson	orden.
	Emmie Dantzler	

MEMBERS

Ashe, Esther Ashton, Catherine Bell, Evelyn Bailey, Mary W. Bailey, Maria Broadwater, Mamie Brice, Margaret Brice, Nancy Buchanan, C. Buchanan, E. Bowers, Clara Beamguard, Bleeker Burgess, Mell Bruton, Louise Boykin, Ellen D. Brown, Mary H. Berry, Mary Cothran, Margaret Dantzler, Emmie Dantzler, Angie Davis, Clifton Davis, Gertrude Dixon, Annie Donaldson, Aileen Fleming, Caroline Gamble, lla Green, Mildred Glenn, Sara F. Harden, Hazel Hook, Annie Houston, Marjorie lrby, Harriett Johnson, Lois Johnston, Mary

leter. Net Lucius, Elizabeth Mayes, Alethia Meachem, Esther Miller, Sabe Mummerlyn, Lucy McCain, Estaline McCain, Elziva Murray, Iva McCown, Mignon Massey, Antionette Oliver, Cornelia Richardson, Elma Rabon, Estelle Ruff, Marguerite Sandell, Jewel Salley, Elizabeth Sanders, Mary Shearer, Naomi Simpson, Harriette Smith, Irene Spivey, Edna E. Speck, Mary Grace Summer Strickland, Mabel Strickland, Blanche Thomason, Emmala Wannamaker, Jennie Williams, Sarah Williams, Clyde Willingham, Edith Wolfe, Sarah Sligh, Rebecca Fripp, Marion







Palladian Society Presidents



Susan Howze



Louise Taylor



PALLADIAN SOCIETY

OFFICERS

	First Term	Second Term
President	Susan Howze	Louise Taylor
Vice-President	Elizabeth Allison	Corine Miller
Recording Secretary	Eulaine Adams	Isabelle Workman
Treasurer	_lsabell Workman	- Aileen McCormac
	Katherine von Wenck	
	Annie Ladd	
Sub-Marshals	Anita McCutchen	Lucille Nichols
	Lucille Nichols	Rose Weinberg

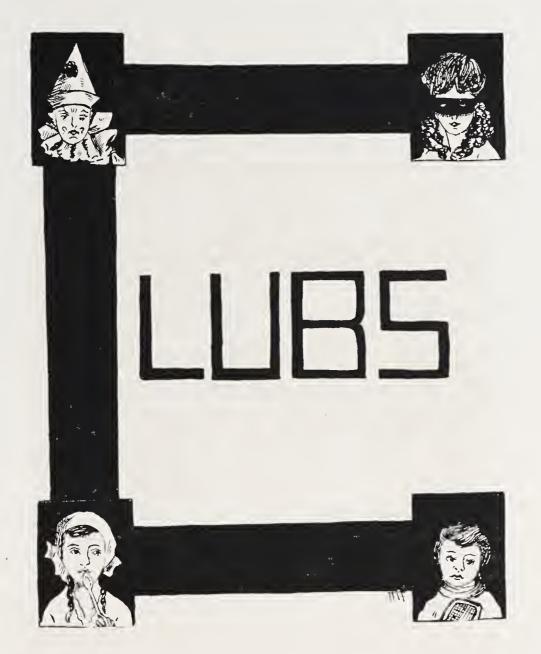
MEMBERS

Adams, Eulaine Allison, Elizabeth Baldwin, Cleo Boyd, Margaret Bonnoitt, Marian Bruton, Mary Baggett, Mamie Brown, Margaret Bullock, Eva Bullock, Esther Burckhalter, Elizabeth Cockfield, Cornelia Coker, Erhline Dubose, Elizabeth Ellison, Bernice Frierson, Emma B. Ferrell, Leila Graham, Dora Graham, Hazel Gunter, Mildred Grambling, Katie Henry, Agnes Huff, Vivian Howze, Susan Huntley, Lexie Johnston, Katharine Kennedy, Sarah Keeley, Louise

Ladd, Annie Luther, Margery Miller, Corine McGee. Katherine McInnis, Barbara McCormac, Aline McCutchen, Anita McCullough, Wylma McNeil, Corrine Nichols, Lucille Nelson, Virginia Oliver, Mamie Ratchford, Mary Rogers, Lillian Simpson, Neila Simpson, Iva Shirley, Frances Sparks, Carrie Sweet, Eddie Salters, Jennie Starbuck, Dorothy Taylor, Louise Thornton, Josephine Winn, Elizabeth Wilson, Mildred von Wenck, Katherine Wooten, Maud Workman, Isabell

Ruth Youngblood









Senior Sextette. OFFICERS

Mildred Gunter	President
Sarah Kennedy	Vice-President
Sarah Williams Secretary	and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Margery Luther Sarah Williams Sarah Kennedy

Lexie Huntley Vivian Huff Mildred Gunter





Choir

Pearl Clark Elizabeth DuBose Lila Edmunds Mildred Gunter Agnes Eleazer Lexie Huntley Vivian Huff Sarah Kennedy Lenore Purcell Dorothy Starbuck Edith Willingham Minnie Williamson

Sarah Williams



Voice Seniors



Lexie Huntley



Mrs. H. H. Bellamann Directress



Sarah Kennedy



Sarah Williams



Margery Luther



Minnie Williamson





Dr. H. H. Bellamann, Director Elma Richardson Sarah Kennedy









THE WHISTLER CLUB

President
Vice-President
Secretary and Treasurer

Margaret Boyd Eugenia Ruff Carolyn Flemming

MEMBERS

Elizabeth Waring Edith Graham Eugenia Ruff Elizabeth Salley Marion Fripp Carolyn Flemming

Margaret Boyd





CANDY CLUB

Motto: Cook sweets, eat sweets, keep sweet(s).

Time: Any old time. Place: Any sweet place.

OFFICERS

Emma Bell Frierson		President
Lexie Huntley	Vice-	-President
Corinne McNeill Secretary		
•		

MEMBERS

"Tot" Frierson "Betsy" Huntley "O" Henry "Tony" Massey "Neatoo" McCutchen ,'Kin" McNeill "Little" Rogers "Dimps" Workman





The Pet Club.

Motto: "Love me, love my dog."

OFFICERS:

	President
Sarah WilliamsVice-	
Marion Fripp Secretary and	Treasurer

MEMBERS:

Clara Bowers Susan Howze Marion Fripp Margery Luth**e**r Elma Richardson Sarah Williams





The Family.

Motto: Family First.

Purpose: To Have a huge time.

Place of Meeting: Mrs. Bellamann's Studio.

Time: In the wee small hours.

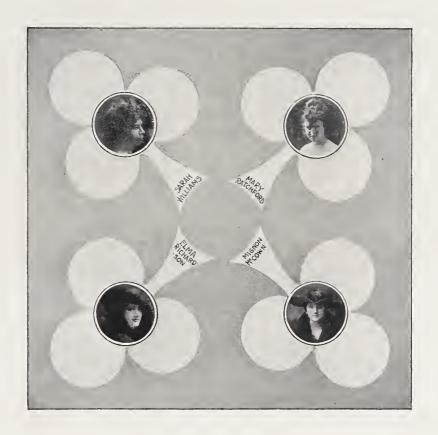
MEMBERS

Jennie Hamrick, "Grandma" Marion Bonnoitt, "Ma" Margaret Brice, "Aunt Phyllis" Esther Ashe, "Big Sis" Dot Starbuck, "Buddie"

"E. G." Willingham, "Baby"
Kat Wenck, "House Cat"
Midge Green, "Washwoman"
Edith Williamson, "Gardener"
Kat Ball, "Family Detective"
Lucy Hampton, "Bottle Washer"

Ellen Douglas Boykin, "Grandpa"
Sarah Kennedy, "Pa"
Nancy Brice, "Uncle Hanks"
Mary Speck, "Little Sis"
"Sil" McCormac / "Twins"
"Pete" DuBose ("Twins"
"Pete" DuBose ("Twins"
"Lizzie Lucious, "Butler"
hwoman"
Gardener"
etective"
Mary White Bailey, "French Maid"
Gertrude Wilson, "Nurse"
Mary Morris, "Chauffeur"
Gertrude Hampton, "Governess"
Emmie Dantzler, "Watch Dog"





THE SHUFFLERS MEMBERS

"Baby" McCown "Baby" Richardson "Sister Mary" Ratchford "Chara" Williams





THE VIRTUES MEMBERS

Elizabeth Allison	Love
Margaret Brown	Charity
Carolyn Fleming	Patience
Sarah Williams	Truth
Mary Ratchford	Piety
Elma Richardson	Peace
Harriette Simpson	Prudence



Columbia Club.

Mary Erst Marery Litter Kather e Ba

President Serretary and Free ter

MEMBERS

Margaret Bott
Evelyn Bel
Martha Lover
Mary Bruton
Katherne Fu
Em a Loker
Maron Dive
Mare Elert
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NEWBERRY CLUB

Clara Bowers Bertha Gallman Rebecca Slígh Grace Summer Julia Summer Mildred Wilson





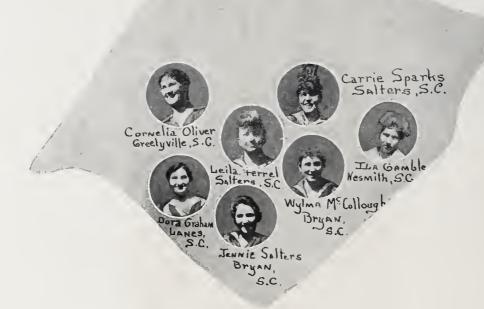
CHESTER CLUB

Mary Brown Mary White Bailey Nancy Brice Margaret Brice

Susan Howze

Neila Simpson Iva Simpson Corinne Miller Margaret Boyd





The Williamsburg Club.

Motto: Perhaps it will give us pleasure to remember these things hereafter.
Flower: Cherokee rose.

OFFICERS:

Cornelia Oliver President
Wylma McCollough Vice-President
Dora Graham Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS:

lla Gamble Leila Ferrell Cornelia Oliver Dora Graham Wylma McCollough Jennie Salters

Carrie Sparks





N. C. Club.

Here's to the Land of the Long Leaf Pine, The Summer Land where the sun doth shine, Where the weak grow strong, and the strong grow great, Here's to down home, the Old North State.

MEMBERS:

Mabel Strickland Elgiva McCain Blanche Strickland Katherine Johnston Estaline McCain Mary Johnston Honorary Members, Miss Purcell, Miss Armstrong





THE STAR AND SATELLITES





College Orchestra

Miss Susan A. Webb, Conductor

First Violins:

Miriam Coker Dora Graham
Mildred Green Adelyne Hood
Dr. Coward Mr. Edward Monckton

Second Violins:

Rosa Seawright Blanche Strickland Sabe Miller Jennie Wannamaker Viola Emmie Dantzler Mr. A. P. Browne CelloBleeker Beamguard Bass Clarinet Mr. Fred Wood Bells Dorothy Starbuck Tambourine ... Hazel Hardin Triangle ... Carrie Sparks Mr. LeRoy Davenport Elízabeth Winn Drums Piano





The Jolly Six

Motto: To make fun.
Time: When the birds go to roost.
Place: In "The Gardens."
Colors: Green and White.
Flower: Magnolia

President	Cornelia Cockfield
Vice-President	Corinne Miller
Recording Secretary	Edna Earle Spivey
Corresponding Secretary	Margaret Boyd
Treasurer	Esther Meacham
Reporter	Irene Smith

MEMBERS

"Cocktail"	"Marget"	"Easter"
"Corrie"	"Spivey"	"Renie"





HOME ECONOMICS CLUB.

Motto: "We can live without music,
And live without books;
But civilized man cannot
Live without cooks."

Flour: "Gold Metal"

OFFICERS

Mell Burgess, President Pauline Green, Sec. and Treas. Ellen Boykin, Vice-President Mignon McCown,Bus. Mgr.

Rose Weinberg,

Buyers

Carolyn Fleming,

MEMBERS

Ellen Boykin Mell Burgess Angie Dantzler Carolyn Fleming Pauline Green Hattie Hauseman Annie Ladd Mignon McCown Aline McCormac Helen McDonald

Lucíle Níchols Mary Ratchford Elma Ríchardson Jennie Wannamaker Rose Weinberg Ruth Youngblood





TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE

"Bill" Gunter "Das" Johnson





COMERS ORNER

Place: Corner Room, 32 Preston. Time of Meeting: Any old time. Chief Occupation: C's (seize) Comers.

TRADE MARKS

(Edith Willingham) Manager
- (Aline McCormac) Proprietress
(Katherine von Wenck)Chief Entertainer
— (Dorothy Starbuck) Bottle Washer(?)







Athletic Association

OFFICERS

Gertrude Hampton President
Katharine von Wenck Vice-President
Lois Johnson Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Kitty Ashton Elizabeth Lucius Esther Ashe Sabe Miller Elizabeth Allison Lucy Munnerlyn Eulaine Adams Barbara McInnes Aline McCormack Mell Burgess Claudia Buchanan Henery Lee Malone Elizabeth Burkhalter Wylma McCullough Nancy Brice Mignon McCown Margaret Brice Corinne Miller Kathryn McGee Marguerite Bruton Mary Bruton Lucile Nichols Esther Meacham Evelyn Bell Marguerite Boyd Marguerite Ruff Ellen Douglas Boykin Lillian Rogers Dorothy Starbuck Gertrude Davis Ludie Singletery Clifton Davis Elizabeth Dubose Naomi Shearer Cornelia Cockfield Edna Earle Spivey Dr. H. H. Belleman Frances Shirley Eddie Sweet Mamie Broadwater Blanche Strickland Martha Boozer Eva Bullock Iva Simpson Bleeker Beamguard Harriette Simpson Emmie Dantzler Elizabeth Salley Leila Ferrell Jewel Sandal Miriam Grennan Carrie Sparks Mildred Gunter Emmela Thomason Mildred Green Bessie Taylor Sara Wolfe Vivian Huff Sarah Williams Cecil Huggins Marjorie Houston Katherine von Wenck Edith Willingham Gertrude Hampton Jennie Wannamaker Lucy Hampton Agnes Henry Elizabeth Waring Susan Howze lean Wilson Lois Johnson lsabelle Wells Rose Weinburg Mary Jonhston

Sarah Kennedy







VARSITY BASKET BALL TEAM.

Katharine Ball, Manager Forwards: Gertrude Hampton, Captain Emmie Dantzler

Centers: Mary Bruton Kittie Ashton Katharine Von Wenck

Guards: Dorothy Starbuck Esther Ashe

Substitutes: Emmela Thomason Lucy Hampton Marjorie Houston





SENIOR BASKET BALL TEAM.

Sarah Kennedy, Manager Forwards: Susan Howze Gertrude Davís

Centers: Cornelía Olliver Katharine Von Wenck, Captain

Guards: Harriette Simpson Lexlie Huntly

Substitutes: Mary Brown Katharine Johnston





JUNIOR BASKET BALL.

Edna Earle Spivey, Manager Forwards: Cornelia Cockfield Wylmer McCollough

Centers: Mary Bruton, Captain Martha Boozer

Guards: Lois Johnson Lucy Hampton

Substitute: Eulaine Adams





SOPHOMORE BASKET BALL.

Katharine Ball, Manager Forwards: Gertrude Hampton Emmie Dantzler

Centers: Ellen Douglas Boykin Elizabeth Lucius

Guards: Dorothy Starbuck, Captain Estiline McCain

Substitutes: Bleeker Beamguard Jewel Sandal Frances Shirley





FRESHMAN BASKET BALL

Forwards: Marjorie Houston Elizabeth Burkhalter

Centers; Margaret Bolton Carrie Sparks

Guards: Esther Ashe, Captain Elizabeth Waring





SENIOR TENNIS CLUB Harriette Simpson Katharine Von Wenck





JUNIOR TENNIS CLUB Edith Willingham Lois Johnson





SOPHOMORE TENNIS CLUB

Dorothy Starbuck
Gertrude Hampton





FRESHMAN TENNIS CLUB

Esther Ashe
Josephine Thornton



CAMPUS VIEW



CARS IN WILSON CELEBRATION



The Hero's Heroine.

"The Curtain" was filled to overflowing and the entire assemblage waited impatiently for the performance to begin. On the rush-strewn stage, the young noblemen joked, played cards and smoked awaiting the appearance of the Prolog. The "groundlings" swayed and crushed while the applewoman soundly boxed the ears of the peanut boy because he seemed to be having better luck than she. To a certain fair-haired young lady in gentleman's doublet, who occupied one of the little pens or private boxes this was entirely a novel experience. Nothing was unobserved by her eager expectant eyes. She took in every inch of the stage with its plain furnishings and balcony to one side. She scanned every face with interest and gazed squarely into the eyes of her father and brother without the least fear of being recognized.

The performance was half an hour later in beginning than usual so it was fully three-thirty before the flag was finally raised and the blacked-robed Prolog made his appearance. Then the play began in earnest. It was the popular drama of the season and one which had struck the hearts of the theatre-goers with more force than usual. A beautiful story it was, yet tragic—"a tragedy of star-crossed love." William Shakespeare, the popular playwright, was its au-

thor and "Romeo and Juliet was the title.

To Anne Craton, the young lady previously mentioned, Romeo, with his dark handsome face, flashing eyes and broad shoulders, was irresistible. This was the only adjective which described him adequately. Whenever he spoke or moved her heart beat fast and her face beamed. On Juliet she bestowed only a passing glance. To her the heroine was merely a youth with an uncracked voice who looked badly and acted worse. On the whole, if it had not been for Romeo, the masked girl in the private box would have experienced a dull feeling of disappointment. He made up for the deficiences of the others. She had banked her expectations on this play so high. Perhaps she had expected too much. For over a fortnight she had heard its praises sung continually. Every day her father and brother had come to the playhouse. Every following morning they had duly discussed it at the breakfast table, always coming to the same conclusion that it was "the best play Will Shakespeare had produced up to this time". On this particular morning she had been conscious of a strange stirring within her breast. It was a peculiar feeling—a mixture of sympathy, curiousity, anger and rebellion. Sympathy for the hero and heroine of the play, curiosity and longing to see it for herself, and rebellion against the customs of the times which prevented her doing so. Oh, why was she a girl anyway? and why shouldn't women patronize playhouses?

To accompany her father and brother she had known to be impossible as it was not according to etiquette for ladies of reputation to be seen in the theatres. All morning her longing and rebellion had grown stronger and stronger. Various devices had presented themselves only to be rejected immediately as impossible. About midday she had been struck by the Great Idea. Then and not till then had her problem been solved. Immediately after dinner she had repaired to William's room and taken possession of his second best doublet. Of course the rest had been easy. She had felt her hand tremble slightly when she had dropped her two-pence into the door-keeper's hand and wondered vaguely if he had noticed it too. Anyway, here she was now, having her

hopes realized at last.



It was dusk before the play was over and, when certain that no one was looking, Anne guiltily daubed her eyes with her handkerchief. It was so hard to see her new hero die even though she knew it was not in reality. Going home alone, through one of the most unfrequented streets, she was surprised to see how thickly the shadows were gathering. Despite her boyish determination and apparel her girlish heart quaked with fright.

"Good evening, good youth", said a deep voice behind her and, looking up, she gave a gasp of relief as the tall figure of a man loomed up and fell into step beside her.

Realizing the safety of her disguise, she readily fell in with his attempts at conversation. Commonplace topics were discussed and gradually Anne, usually shy and reserved, found herself talking unrestrainedly to this fascinating stranger. She tried in vain to penetrate the blackness of the night and get a glimpse of his face. He was tall and broadshouldered. Those were the only facts she could decide upon.

The stranger, on his part, found himself taking an unusual interest in this frail, low-voiced lad. A man of the world, such as he, scarcely ever found time to be attracted by those of his sex younger than himself, except the ones who played opposite to him in the presentation of the drama. Tonight, he was prevoked beyond measure with the "stiff, stubborn child" who should have shared honors with him. As he scrutinized this boy he wondered vaguely how he could interpret the part of Juliet. Already, in his mind's eye, he could picture this lad in the balcony scene and hear the voice ringing down to him: "O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

By way of approaching the subject, he asked abruptly, "Hast thou been to 'The Curtain' today my boy?"

"Oh, indeed, sir, I go often—every day in fact," lied Anne immediately.

"How did it please thee, or did it please thee at all?" pursued the interlocutor.

She answered saucily, "Some parts of it pleased me greatly, others not at all. But I was most particularly struck with the character of Romeo. He is most handsome and an excellent actor," then trying to speak guardedly to keep from revealing her identity, she continued with rapture: "When he spoke the lines:

'Two of the fairest stars in all the heavens, Having some business, do entreat her eyes To twinkle in their spheres till they return.'

I thought I had never seen so handsome or so brave a gallant. I fear, sir, had I been a 'foolish maiden fair' I should have found myself fathoms deep in love with him."

"And Juliet?" he encouraged inquiringly.

"Ah, the heroine! Sir, I do not consider myself a competent judge, but in my humble opinion the lady was most inferior. Really, I feel that I myself could improve upon her. But Romeo—why I must confess, my friend, I came near disgracing my manly dignity by weeping when the unfortunate gentleman drank from the poison cup and said, 'Thus with a kiss I die.'"

"I thank thee, my son, thy words are as music to my ear and are, I fear, quite undeserved. In the words of Romeo himself permit me to say:



'l am afeared

Being in the night, all this is but a dream, Too flattering sweet to be substantial."
"But why—why?" the girl stammered miserably.

He doffed his hat and bowed low. "My boy, it now behooves us to make ourselves acquainted. Richard Howard is my name though perchance thou knowest me best as 'Romeo' And thou, forsooth——." But Anne, overcome with humiliation and terror, had fled, leaving the man thoroughly perplexed and astonished, though entirely without suspicions.

"Marry," he wondered, "what hath possessed that remarkable urchin now,

prithee?"

"A most likely youth, sir, a worthy youth and one, I trow, most suitable. His voice is sweeter than any woman's and his figure slight like that of a girl. Unfortunately I could not glimpse his face for 'night's cloak did hide it from my sight'. But the voice! Good sir, the voice counts most," then, an angry note creeping into his own voice, he continued, "I repeat, my lord, I refuse to play another time with that young jacksnape, James Wallace, as stiff as a board and

as unresponsive. I refuse, I say, refuse, refuse, refuse!"

Richard Howard was having a heated argument with the manager of "The Curtain". His impatience with his heroine, "Juliet," had reached its limit and he had just informed Master Penrose that he must have a new "leading lady". He was determined that the youth who now played the part was impossible. He was equally as determined that none but the boy he had encountered in the alley a few nights since should take the place of heroine. He was angry with himself on account of his inability to forget this boy. Day and night the voice haunted him and the words: "I fear, had I been a 'foolish maiden fair' I should have found myself fathoms deep in love with him" echoed and re-echoed continually in his ears.

No one could successfully argue with Richard Howard, so, when he left the house, he had full permission to employ anyone who pleased his fancy. Down in his heart he knew there to be only one who had this ability. And he

did not even know this one's name.

The days that followed were busy ones to Howard—busy, but also disappointing. To find his "heroine" had not proved so easy as he had expected. Not a boy in the city had escaped his eager scrutiny, but to no avail. At the end of two weeks, Howard was, for the first time in his life, forced to admit himself defeated. Never before had he had a plan frustrated or had he so completely failed in anything he had attempted.

It was a very sullen young man who lifted the knocker of Sir John Craton's door several days after and was shown into the big parlor overlooking the gardens to await the arrival of his host. He seated himself by the window and reflected upon the cruelty of fate. Not only had he failed in his search for his "Juliet", thus preventing further progress of the play, but here was young Wil-

liam Craxton behaving abominally over an unpaid bill.

Although an artist in his profession, he possessed a strong admiration for the beautiful and, in spite of himself, soon forgot his troubles in admiration of the scene before him. In the garden, a wilderness of flowers glistened in the June sunshine. In the air, familiar summer sounds were teeming. The birds had never sung so sweetly nor the sun shone so brightly. But this was not all.



Suddenly, into this earthly paradise, darted what looked to the watcher like a fairy or an angel—perhaps both combined. She was doing something which her mother would have considered extremely ill-bred and shocking—chasing butterflies. Occasionally she caught one, stroked it lovingly a moment or two, then wafted it gently away again. Her golden hair had loosed itself and was serving as a delicate plaything for the idle breezes. Her blue eyes were shining and her face flushed with exultation and exertion. Richard Howard felt quite sure he had never beheld so perfect a picture and he infinitely wished he might exchange places with even the smallest butterfly her dainty fingers touched. How long he would have sat thus is hard to say but soon William made his delayed appearance and the young man was forced to remember his mission.

The business having been transacted satisfactorily, he was on the verge of taking his leave when, in an adjoining room, a voice attracted his attention and held him spell-bound. Was it possible? Unmindful of the perplexed face of his host, who wondered if his visitor had suddenly become insane, he leaned

forward, pressed his ear to the wall aud listened.

"Yes, mother," came the voice again, "rosemary today, yesterday we had daisies." That was it! The voice that he had heard once but had sought so long. How stupid he had been not to know that Craton had a young brother! Turning hastily to William, he opened his lips to speak. Before any words were uttered the door was halfway opened and a voice—HIS voice—said: "Please, brother, where is Judith?"

Afterwards, Richard could hardly remember exactly how it happened but in a very few minutes he found himself face to face with the beautiful sprite he had worshipped in the gardens—worshipped from the window overlooking the beautiful English flower beds. Her hand was in his and she was being in-

troduced by a doting brother.

At the words "Lord Howard" Anne raised her hitherto indifferent eyes. A warmth of color again suffused her cheeks. Her head dropped in embarrassment. "Romeo," she breathed, then fled with even more abruptness than on the former occasion.

As Howard passed down the steps there was an understanding twinkle in his black eyes and a wild thumping in his heart. Should he consider himself defeated after all, he wondered.

Several months later, we find this same tall broadshouldered man lifting the same knocker of the same door and being ushered into the same low ceilinged, heavily raftered parlor. But his feelings were quite different from those he had entertained on the first time he had entered this home. His misson was also quite different. It was again a matter of business, but much more important business than formerly. This time it concerned none but the daughter of the family. He had become quite a frequent visitor there now, so instead of sitting down and waiting, he walked the floor with impatience until the arrival of Anne. While within this home he was no longer Richard Howard. He was "Romeo." Anne could never bring herself to call him by any other than the name by which she had first known him.

He was determined to know his fate at once. Every Romeo had his Juliet so he must be certain of his. The hero still wanted his heroine—no longer



for the dramatic stage but for the stage of life, love and happiness. He had planned a noble speech, full of flowery phrases and epithets after the manner of those Master William Shakespeare had put upon the lips of many valiant and manly lovers; and which Howard himself had often delivered as "leading man". But when he found himself in the presence of the object of his heart's love, all the words he could muster were, "Anne, I love you. Be my Juliet". Yet something in the way she bowed her head seemed to give him courage, so on and on he stumbled, scarcely knowing what he said but pouring out his love for her in broken snatches. This young gallant, who made such ardent love on the stage, found it to be no such easy talk when his whole future happiness was depending upon the answer of this small young person whose hand he held in his.

But Anne made no attempt to withdraw the said hand and when he had finished, a mischievous twinkle sparkling in her bright eyes, she recalled the words of the Juliet in the drama and coyly answered, "I gave thee mine before thou didst request it".

N. Simpson, '18.



"Diana of the Crossways."

Among the characters in fiction with whom I have become acquainted, Diana of the Crossways is the most original, interesting and lovable. The strange "combination" of wit and beauty, of sense and "unwisdom," and erratic impulsiveness is irresistible. Meredith makes the reader live with her through a series of breath-snatching climaxes, or "crossways;" and he is never allowed to know, a moment beforehand, any more than Diana—what the next step will be. One moment you are praising her for some noble act, or saying—the next you are exasperated by a stupid piece of foolishness. But you never lose interest for a moment, nor your faith in her doing the right thing in the end. Fiction is full of beautiful and noble women, that inspire admiration—but few, if any, rival this "fly up the crick," erratic woman, in demanding at once our pity and love.

Perhaps the most lovable thing about her is, neither beauty nor wit—but her unquenchable sense of humor. No matter how tragic the circumstances become, nor how deeply she suffers, she never loses her ability to laugh, and laugh heartily. She takes everything with a sane and humorous comment, which does not hide the seriousness of purpose underneath. She is above all, healthy and sane. In Egypt she is telling goodby to some friends. They have been complaining of a sleepless night, on account of the temple bell. Dacier, her future lover, turns to look back, and playfully:

"A waving of her arm and a finger pointing triumphantly at the bell in the tower. It said I can sleep through anything." And so she proved later when, the night she betrayed a secret of state confided to her by the same Dacier, she slept soundly until morning.

It is her unexpectedness, however, that holds you infatuated and in suspense. Nor does "Tony," as privileged friends called her, ever do anything that is entirely unworthy of her. She keeps you guessing, and pops out at every turn with a bright sally, a noble impulse. If she does a stupid thing, as when she made her rash marriage with Warwick, or betrayed an important secret of state to "The Times"—it is always on a wild momentary impulse, and is paid for in full afterward—both through repentance and in the consequences of the act itself.

Diana is personality itself. She is very human, always rushing into trouble and getting out of it the best way she can. Continually at "crossways," as it were, not knowing which road to take, and oftenest taking the wrong one. Her friend, Emma Lukin, is of the opinion, in the end, when she finally accepts the truest of her lovers, and is happily married—that all the previous trials were "tests, or probations" to perfect her spiritually. She tells "Tony": "There is nothing the body suffers, that the Soul may not profit by it." Diana never does anything like anybody else, she defies conventions and is too proud to defend herself to the world. Even her smallest acts are unaccountable and her reasons, more so. All the explanation she gives for her marriage to Warwick, is her "love of antiques." She is a "riddle to the world," as a friend says of her. We can only see, through all her erratic conduct and apparent heartlessness, that she is very alive; alive with a burning, passionate soul—and to quote her own words;

"The light of every soul burns upward. Of course, most of them are candles in the wind. Let us allow for atmospheric disturbances."

Meredith's purpose in the novel, seems to be, to accentuate the double standard—and to show the practical impossibility for a woman to make a way for herself in the world—due to the selfishness and "peculiar" sense of honor of the men with whom she comes in contact. The utter egoism of men in general, is a favorite theme with Meredith. It is brought out strongly in Warwick, who is so busy looking after his honor, that he divorces his wife on very slight ground. And again, when Dacier is willing to press Diana into going away with him, and even cannot understand why Diana had not asked him for money. But when she betrays his confidence, on a wild impulse, his honor is so deedly wounded, that he will not even admit an explanation on her part. After Diana has thrown herself on his mercy, as it were, by confessing immediately—he ungraciously leaves—abruptly. All he wanted to know was the bare fact, forgetting all in a moment—except the injury.

There is a strong resemblance in Diana of the Crossways, both in character and circumstances—to several famous women of the time. The circumstances of the book were almost identical with a current scandal concerning Mrs. Norton, Sheridan's granddaughter. It was generally believed that she had betrayed a cabinet secret of Peel's to "The Times." After the publication of the novel, however, the old scandal was revived, and Mrs. Norton was proved blameless. The secret proved to have leaked out through some one else.

She is also very much like George Eliot With a high moral conception, and pride, she scorns the petty conventions of the world. She has the intellect of a man, combined with the weakness of a woman. Passionate and earnest in all she undertakes, she lives her own life—regardless. She resembles even more George Sand. The facts in the lives of the two are closely the same. Only a sort of mutual agreement to separate was made between George Sand and her "bourgeois" husband. She then set out to make her own way, and was beset by lovers and intrigues. This erratic, earnest, inconsistent woman proved true to nothing but her art. Diana was saved from the tragic life of these two—only by a trick of circumstances.

Ш

Diana's philosophy is Meredith's own—as shown in his writings. Her "critical view of life," and reverence for "Sacred Reality," and her "honesty of purpose and thought" are what make the reader love and respect her. She is perfectly sane and well balanced—humorous and witty, but never unjust; often in a thoughtful, even poetic mood—but never degenerating into sentimentalism. She is very modern: epigrammatic in speech, flippant in regard to sentiment, taking a mocking attitude toward everything. Realistic in an "all round" sense. Of poetry, she said—"Those that have souls meet their fellows there."

Above all she is an optimist—intensely alive, and eager to be active—doing something to make herself useful. With a perfect faith in the ultimate good, she regards life as a "series of ordeals," and attacks each fresh trial with a keen pleasure. Loyal to her conceptions, and heroic in a crisis, just the very fact of being alive is an intense joy and work, a privilege. She says of Life; "when I fail to cherish it in every fibre the fires within are waning." It is her great joy, and almost humble thankfulness in the mere fact of living, that endear her most to the reader.



Shadows.

When the blackest shadows gather
There is found the greatest light.
If there were no wrong or evil
What would be the use of right?
The darkest wars most glory bear;
Their final issue gladdest.
The losers oft victorious,
The greatest man the saddest.

When the ages grew the darkest;
Sunk beneath their sin and crime,
Came to them a Babe of love
In a cruel heartless time.
Like us that Babe grew up to die,
And passed through all life's shadows;
E'en now His light, clear as the skyShines o'er the world's great sorrows.

F. P. 17.

Sunset of Summer.

Bright Autumn—the sunset of summer thou art!

The last flaming ray of the summer's bright day,

Now touching with crimson and crowning with gold

The trees of the forest; with beauties untold

Now decking the earth—with golden-rod gay

Just sprung from earth's carpet of fast browning leaves,

With fair brown-eyed daisies and golden sheaves;

While murmurs and sighs from the treetops are wrung

For the summer that's fled and for songs now unsung.

Yea, thou art the sunset of Summer—bright Autumn!

GOSSIP

"A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN IS RELISHED BY THE WISEST MEN."

BIG ROBBERY CREATES MUCH EXCITEMENT

VILLIAN CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS

Makes Escape and Then Reappears, Causing Much Alarm.

Special to Gossip:

One of the biggest robberies ever committed since the days of "Jessie James" recently caused much alarm in our little town of Chicorasburg. One of the young ladies, living on North McClintock Avenue, in search of cheese which she had stored away in her "safe" (a-la-washstand), found that it was gone. While she stood wondering how it could have happened to disappear, a noise was heard behind the "safe" and Detective Ketchumquick was immediately summoned to the rescue. The "safe" was moved and a small hole was investigated. Guards were stationed around the hole and quietness reigned surpreme until the robber was bold enough to venture out in search of other such valuable goods. Immediately all of the BRAVE guards fled to the beds, bureaus, and other such lofty heights. Detective Ketchumquick was left honor-bound to get the villian. After some difficulties the villian was knocked senseless and he proved to be Mr. Preston Hall Rat, a notorious vagabond. Mr. Rat was transfered to a trap prison in a trashpan ambulance. In a few minutes he was in a normal condition again. He was brought to trial before a very wise and influential judge, Mr. I. Dee Clare, who called court to order and stated the offence. Mr. Rat stood up in the prisoner's box through the house.

and plead guilty, humbly begging for mercy. He told, with a trembling voice, how his wife and seven children were dissolving themselves in tears over their poverty, how this piece of cheese had tempted him to leave his attic home that he might bring comfort to the suffering ones around him. The Jûdge addressed the jury and they retired, returning immediately with the verdict of "guilty." Mr. Rat was put to death at once by the Sheriff, Mr. Kampus Kat.

LEGISLATURE WILL VOTE UPON **GOAT LABOR BILL TODAY**

HOPE TO REACH FINAL STAGE ON MEASURE

PROGRAM NOT CUT.

(Legislature—the Faculty).

Legislature will vote today on the Goat Labor Bill. This bill has aroused much interest among all of our people and we hope that our wise legislators will do all they can to enforce this bill. They hope to reach the final stage in the discussion of this right away. The main issue is to prohibit children's driving young and unsophistocated goats to large toy wagons. They have not decided just exactly what program they will follow in their proceedings today but we hope this Goat Labor Bill will get prompt attention.

NEWS FROM SENATE

A bill, known as the Open Study Hour Act, has just passed the Senate. It gives all the pupils a perfectly good chance to do all of the visiting they please instead of studying and it also opens a good way for everyone to "raise sand" in general under the pretense of borrowing a book. When Senator Bonnoitt announced that the bill had been passed, many loud cheers rang

HOLIDAY ADVOCATES RUSH TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

DESCENDS ON CONGRESS AND THE WHITE HOUSE.

PRESIDENT HEARS ADDRESSES POLITELY AND PROMISES TO TELL CONGRESS OF THEM

White House President Congress

Dr. Byrd's Office Dr. Byrd Trustees

Quite a number of holiday advocates rush to the White House announcing their desire for a holiday on February 22nd. Many efficient speakers give their views on this subject and advance reasons why this day should be given as a holiday. They presented a petition and the president promised to tell of their plea.

News Around Central Committee Court Sentenced to 21 Days

Preston Hall, Chicorasburg.—Judge Johnson convicted Miss Dorothy Starbuck in Central Committee Court today for neglecting her music duties She was sentenced for twenty-one days. Counsel for Dot finally conseuted to the verdict of guilty with recommendation to mercy. Mercy was granted and Dot was only sentenced to stay in jail (a-la-campus) every day except Thursday. On that day she will be allowed as far away as the paved streets of the Main Thoroughfare, Wingfields, The Ideal and The Pastime.

NEWS FROM SENATE

(Continued)

The Student Body has just sent in a bill to the Senate called the "Quart-a-Month" Act, forbidding any doctor, doctress or nurse to bring into the Infirmary more than a quart of pills of any description each month. We feel sure that the Senate will readily pass this bill, for Miss Corling has been issueing too many pills. Unless some measures are taken she may "drive us to drink".

GOSSIP

Published Whenever I am Out of a Job.

Entered at the Annual Office of "Nods and Becks" as 8th class nonsense matter.

EDITORS.

Editor-in chief—Nobody. Assistant Editor—The Same. Business Manager-Ditto.

Subscription prices are not mentioned because the editor cannot meet the public demand for this paper. Would rather not have any more subscribers.

Just a minute please.

To all my readers, of friends, and acquaintances, I extend the greetings of season: Not only a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, but also a glad Easter, a Glorious Fourth and a Huge Thanksgiving.

I do not like to refuse to give space for certain ads. In fact it grieves me to do so, but I must refuse to give a space for Tanlac and Fire Insurance. Both would make excellent ads. but all of my readers are supposed to be "well up" on these two subjects, at least everyone that can read at all knows of them.

What's in a name?

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet." Yes, that is true with most things but not so in this case. Would this paper, called by any other namé, be just as interesting? Gossip? Oh, how many of us stop, look and listen when we get a chance to gossip, or as we call it sometimes, "gather dope." It is a wonderful thing. How strong is the "Gossip Magnet." It draws all of us. We hear public speakers give ridiculous illustrations to prove that women have caused a great amount of trouble through gossip; and yet I venture to say that these same golden-tongued orators indulge in the same thing, probably more so than the women. Now. gentle reader, although the name of this paper stands for a dangerous thing if we accept Mr. Websters definition. yet if you consider the definition I am going to give, you will find it is really not such a bad "commodity" after all. I am referring simply to "College dope" and other things of interest on and about the campus.

DINING-ROOM

Between September and December, 1916, the following articles have appeared and disappeared at C. C. F. W.:

Biscuits: 3,000,000.

Boston-baked Beans: 2,000 Cans.

Syrup: 836,937,621,533 Gallons.

Butter: 3,000 Tubs.

Beans: 40,000 Gallons.

Cow-peas: 379,000,432 Gallons.

Cows, Calves, Fish, Sheep, Pigs, etc., 99,000,000,000.

Big Hominy: 50,631,326,832 Grains. Sausage: 873,932,381,674,543,922,329,-400 Balls.

Sausage (hot-dogs): 100,000,000 yards:

Idiosyncrasies of Geniuses.

Miss Swygert (removing her glasses), "Indeed, young ladies, I would like to have you become members of my Domestic Science Class."

"Yes, yes, yes, yes." Mrs. Byrd.

"Well, what does all this mean? -Miss Johnson, a-la-L. de L.

"You girls should have more self-respect than to sweep all of that trash into the hall where everyone must walk over it."

"Won't you have a cup of coffee? -Miss Stuart.

"Well, now that answer is correct if you know what you are talking about." "Explain that please"

-Dr. Byrd.

"You must open your mouth wider when you sing if you want good tones. -Mr. Allen.

"Uv What?" "What wuz that projuced from?"-Miss Currell.

"You girls should not be here at this hour. Have you read the rules?" -Dr. Byrd.

"Why no, I must hurry on, I can't stop now."—Miss Webb.

"Yes, his style is easy flowing and graceful but some of his plots are long drawn out."—Miss Witherspoon.

"Where is Lexie? Someone go and tell her to report to me AT ONCE. -Mrs. Bellamann.

"Give the construction of that." -Miss Guy.

"It might be embarrassing." -Miss Armstrong.

WANTED-Someone to take care of my heart. Although it has been used several times, it is still in a good condition. Katherine Johnston.

TATISTICS AROUND THE We Always "Want" Something.

Wanted to know: Why "E. G." Willingham was smiling in the direction of the Seminary when Mr. Blanchard snapped the picture of the student body.

Wanted: To be a rock in the road. Wouldn't work; wouldn't talk; wouldn't get up for breakfast; wouldn't meet classes; in fact, wouldn't do a single thing but sleep.—S. F. W.

Wanted to know: Why R. Darr and V. Huff couldn't eat for a short while after Thanksgiving.

Wanted to know: Why Washington is not the President of the C. C. F. W. and "cutie", the matron.

Wanted: A few more English notes. -The Seniors.

Wanted: To make more outlines in Pedagogy.—Sophs and Seniors.

Wanted: A private secretary.—H.B.S.

Wanted: Twenty-eight Diplomas. -Seniors.

Wanted: Senior privileges.—M. C. O.

Wanted: Another claw for G. Davis's diamond ring.

Wanted: A "Crush".—"Sister B."

Wanted: A spoon for the gravy.—A.

Wanted to know: Why Dr. Byrd doesn't have ladders placed around against the campus wall so that the girls may up and see the people pass

Wanted to know: Why Miss Corling does not require the girls to observe strict rules around the infirmary. She is entirely too careless about such things

Wanted: By the Senior Round Table in the Library, an inspiration to learn Ethics and Evidences of Christianity. Also the privilege to make as much fuss as possible while we study.

Wanted: Just one more dear old servant like Aunt Alice, better known as "Cutie", "Precious" and "Darling". Though Preston Hall seems to think it is impossible to find another just like

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SOCIETY NOTES

The Rat Society For The Prevention of Cruelty To The Girls Meets in Attic-

Special to Gossip:-Atticville, Hampton Hall. Quite a number of the most influential citizens among the Rat Race have organized a society for the prevention of cruelty to the girls of Chicora. This is indeed a wise idea and we hope it will prove beneficial.

Mr. and Mrs. Gnaw-wood intertained these heroic citizens in their beautiful attic home, Trunkington. Mr. Gnawwood, the President, called the society to order and the speaker of the evening. Prof. Limberger Cheese, M. A.; Ph. D.; and C.O.D. of Basement University, was introduced. He made quite an impressive talk and received a hearty encore. Something he brought out very forcibly was that the society should take immediate measures to enforce the following rules: First, no Rat, Ratess, or Mousie, shall venture on the hall or in the rooms while the girls are anywhere near, especially when they are wide awake, because the girls are neryous creatures. The girls have some trouble climbing, especially those that are too stoat. They are also in a hurry when they start to class, to town, or to the dining room and strict quietness should be observed among the Rats, etc., on such occasions. Second: They must be careful when they gnaw wood for it is liable to awaken the girls and consequently the rat's heads are in danger of being broken with an old shoe.

After this speech, delicious refreshments were served, consisting of breadcrumbs, hard cheese and stale butter. The society adjourned and each member hurried away for the echo of a cats voice was heard.

MISCELLANEOUS ADS.

FOR SALE-All my paramount knowledge of Theoretical Ethics. Very reasonable prices offered to all prospective Seniors. For reference see Dr. Byrd. If further information is desired see

M. LUTHER,

Columbia, S. C.

FOR RENT-One perfectly good mail box. It hasn't been used in quite a while .- See S. Kennedy

PERSONAL MENTION

Miss Sarah Wolfe surprised us with a visit to the breakfast table one morning recently.

Miss Sara Kennedy has gone for a short visit to her voice lesson. We will all welcome her return.

The "Senior Sextette" has rendered several delightful numbers throughout the year. Their hard practice and good results show that a bright future is ahead of them. Who knows but what they may be Lyceum singers some fair

The most welcomed visitor to the college is the postman who comes twice each day.

Miss Flat Pompadore has been in our midst throughout the year. She seems to be quite a favorite with all the girls, especially when they are in a big hurry to get to breakfast because she doesn't require any attention.

One of our girls registered her name as "Mamie Baggette" when she left the college to go home for the week end. When she returned she registered "Mrs Elmer Rogers.''

Misses Mary Brown and Gertrude Davis, who seldom (?) leave the campus, have gone to town to do their Spring shopping.

Senior Truths (?)

A. Dantzler, Jolliest.

G. Davis, Never talks.

A. Mayes, Biggest hot-air-artist. K. von Wenck, Slim Jim.

R. Sligh, Fatty.

S. Howze, Most distant.

M. Bonnoitt, Most affectionate. M. Luther, Never Smiles.

F. Pender, Meekest.

S. Williams, Can't sing.

C. Williams, Blackest hair. M. Cleveland, Most affected.

M. Strickland, Most awkward. B. Strickland, Tackiest.

M. Brown, Never falls in love.

S. Kennedy, Quietest.
L. Huntley, Always on time.
C. Oliver, Most frivolous.

I. Gamble, Most serious.

L. Taylor, Biggest "Crusher."

C. Bowers, "Dimples."

M. Ratchford, Never worries.

M. Gunter, Can't play rag.

C. Buchanan, Never laughs.

M. Fripp, Bum artist.

H. Simpson, Man hater.

K. Johnson, Never sarcastic.

V. Huff, Most bashful.

LOST-A Leap year and a life time chance. Goodbye 1916-The Seniors.

New Year's Resolutions Among the Students and Faculty.

Isabell Workman: To study in a serious way in the future and cut out all frivolous habits.

Barbara McInnes: To stop studying."

G. Davis: To talk more, it doesn't pay to be quiet.

Miss Corling. To enforce a special set of rules for the Infirmary.

"Baby" McCown: To affect a new

K, von Wenck: To ask for more work. Her schedule is too light.

S. Kennedy: To sing and vocalize in the future occasionally because her voice has failed to receive exercise.

E. Winn: To stop flirting with "Seminoles."

E. Allison: To find some excuse for going to the dentist real often.

Dr. Byrd: To hunt for a class that knows how to recite Theoretical Ethics. [Note: 'Tis said that Mrs. Wallace's class knows how to recite Ethics, so simple it is.]

Miss Currell: To give the Seniors lower marks on Sociology.

Miss Johnson: To teach the girls to act like Charleston Aristocrats.

Miss Patrick: To "parlez-vous Fran" cais" more often.

Miss Edmunds: To go to Greenville occasionally.

Mrs. Bellamann: To see that Dr. Bellaman cuts breakfast occasionally.

Dr Bellamann: To be more immacu-

Seniors: To give the underclassmen

a chance at the Library. Miss Purcell: To retire promptly each night at ten o'clock.

M. Bonnoitt: To be more sarcastic.

Mrs. Youngblood: Not to inspect at unexpected hours.

Miss Witherspoon: To require more Essays and Themes to be written.

Miss Guy: To have more callers.

GOING! GOING!! GONE!!

Large supply of old shoes on hand that must be sold before I can get a new pair. All prices are reasonable. Any number from 5 to 10. Come early.
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